

Canceled plane flights, stolen luggage, motion sickness, hostile natives, poison water, weird diseases, rubber food, and much, much more!

NATIONAL LAMPoon

Aug. 1979

The Humor Magazine

\$1.50



CUSTOMS
DOLLANE

9

10

McAfee

Vacation!





Satisfaction, Camel Filters style.

Some men taste it all: Rich warm flavor. Smooth even taste. Solid satisfaction.

Only from the Camel Filters blend of Turkish and domestic tobaccos.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



TDK's second-best tape never leaves the factory.

At TDK we don't make a "second-best" tape. Each TDK cassette—SA, AD or D—is the best you can buy for its particular use. We make sure of that with a quality control philosophy that allows no room for compromise.

Each cassette that comes off our assembly lines has passed through thousands of check-points at every stage of the manufacturing process, from raw material to finished product. If a cassette doesn't measure up on every test, it doesn't leave the factory. Sometimes this means destroying tape that other manufacturers would be satisfied with. But we're never satisfied with anything less than our best.

This extreme dedication to quality allowed TDK to introduce hi fi's first full lifetime warranty*—more than a decade ago. And it is this dedication that assures you that whichever TDK cassette you choose, you're getting the best there is: TDK SA, the number

one selling high bias cassette in America, for critical music re-

cording; TDK AD, the normal bias cassette with the "hot high end," that's perfect for use in your car as well as at home; or TDK D, the modestly-priced general purpose cassette that offers the best sound and the most reliable mechanism in its class.

Life is full of compromises. But it's nice to know that when it comes to your music, you don't have to settle for second-best. TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, NY 11530.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement © 1979 TDK Electronics Corp.



TDK
The machine for your machine.

Contest Details. Get Free Gifts. Receive Sizable "Disc-counts."

Is that "disc-count" supposed to be a pun or something? I may only be a typesetter, but I think stuff like that blows soap bubbles out its air hole. Yick.

O.K. Here's how to play. First, memorize this list of audio brand names: dbx, Jensen, JVC, Kenwood, Pioneer Electronics of America, Pioneer High Fidelity, Sansui, Sanyo, Sparkomatic, TDK, Teac, and Tenna. Got it? Now, put a hand over your right ear and read the rest of this ad out loud as if you were an old-time DJ.

"Hey, stereo nuts and audiophiles. If you buy audio equipment from a participating National Lampoon audio advertiser, now through September 1979 at a participating retail outlet, you'll get a fabulous NatLampCo Disc-count value pack! [Howl like a dog for emphasis.] That's right! This pack contains a special limited pressing by MCA Records of the Animal House theme, with the 'Delta House' theme on the flip side, both recorded by the Michael Simmons Band! And that's not all! The Disc-count giveaway package also contains coupons good for substantial disc-counts on the two best-selling National Lampoon comedy albums, That's Not Funny, That's Sick and Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon. Remember, just buy a product from one of these manufacturers [recite the list you memorized—no cheating] at any participating retail outlet through September 1979, and receive the NatLampCo Disc-count pack for free! [Shout 'hey, hey!' For fun.]"



Chimp-man Jim, formerly of WKRI Chicago, now head of Magazine Disc Jockeys School.

NATIONAL LAMPPOON



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PEEL AWAY THE BELLS AND WHISTLES.

Behind the face plate lies the heart of every tape recorder. The transport mechanism. Its accuracy and stability are crucial. Its weaknesses audible. When it errs, no amount of electronic wizardry can retrieve the lost fidelity.

In the cassette format, margins for error are incredibly small. The cassette tape housing, itself an imperfect mechanical device, becomes a working part of the drive system. So problems are compounded. And sometimes, the limits of audio technology are not broad enough to meet our performance criteria.

That's why we turned to our Instrumentation Group for a more sophisticated technology. One that deals with tape transports built for computer installations. Where mega-dollars are at stake. Where a typical run means 3,000 brutal hours of continuous read-write use. Where reliability is everything.

This is the transport mechanism in our finest cassette decks. It's a dual-capstan isolated-loop configuration. Separate capstan assemblies are located before and after the



head stack to maintain constant tape tension and tape-to-head contact. Each capstan is formed on a computer-controlled lathe, then micro-ground to a tolerance of 0.2 micron (0.000008 inch).

Internally balanced for vibration-free rotation, our DC servo-controlled capstan motor provides unprecedented speed accuracy and stability.

Take-up, back torque and running torque are maintained by coreless-rotor DC reel motors. Braking is electromagnetic

rather than mechanical. In every mode, tape movement is smooth and accurate.

But it's not just the component parts or design that set a TEAC apart. It's the overall balance of each mechanism. The way components are selected, manufactured and mounted to form an integrated whole.

Our transports are anchored to prevent slack, movement or warping. There's no vibration or sonic deterioration even after years and years of hard use.

Once a cassette is seated, an independent electronic control system automatically takes up any slack. So the possibility of tape stretch, tangling or breaking is eliminated before the

Play button is pushed. That's what it takes to be a TEAC.

And while the internal configurations vary from TEAC to TEAC, one fact does not. Our own commitment to unusually high performance criteria. Design habits we developed by building complex instrumentation hardware. Standards that dictate unusually high levels of performance and reliability.

Machine after machine. For many years to come.

To us, it's a matter of craftsmanship. To you, a matter of decision. That's why we invite you to look into the guts of a tape machine. Peel away the bells and whistles and you'll find the real measure of every tape recorder. Especially ours.

For more information, see your TEAC Audio Specialist dealer or write us at Dept. NL-8.

TEAC

The SGT.

Seagram's Gin & Schweppes Tonic.
Mixed with military precision.



The SGT. is Seagram's Gin & Tonic.
Pour 1½ oz. Seagram's Gin over ice.
Fill with Schweppes Tonic. Garnish
with a wedge of lime. Enjoy it!
And enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's Gin. Perfect all ways.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN.

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“I want the best taste
I can get.
I get it from Winston.”



BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft Pack or Box.

84 reasons to get to a Pioneer dealer

A lot of people pick out a car stereo with their eyes closed. Because, for them, what they hear is all that counts.

rest, we've gathered 83 more reasons (besides great sound) why you should be down at a Pioneer dealer now, instead of reading this ad.

three-ways and tweeters.

36. Supertuner FM circuitry. The inspired bit of electronic engineering that makes our FM signals come in so crisp and clear.

37. Success with women. (Or men, as appropriate.)

Pioneer tank top. Shows what you got.



KE-5000. A digital electronic tuner/cassette deck.

Which is all right with us. Because when sound decides, Pioneer wins every time. Maybe that's why we're number one in car stereo.

A lot of other people, though, come into the market with both eyes open. Fine with us, too. Because what you see will win you over.

So in the interest of a totally unfair comparison between us and the

Reason #2. The KE-5000. Does everything but drive your car. A totally electronic AM/FM Supertuner® car stereo with cassette deck. Has a digital station display. Digital electronic tuning. It automatically seeks out and locks on to a station. Even has a digital clock. So you won't be late for work.



Scientific tests have proven the awesome amorous effects of a Pioneer Supersystem. Please do not take unfair advantage of this feature.

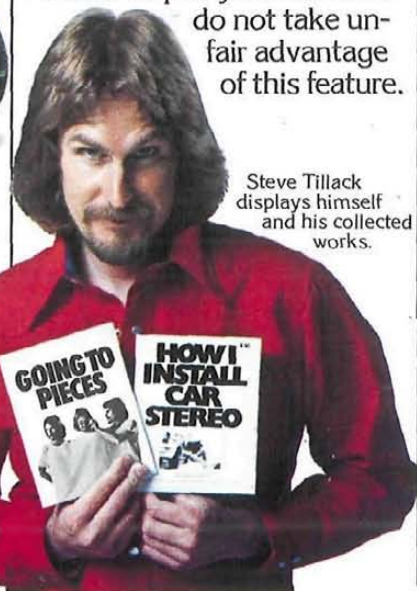


Paraphernalia. Pioneer T-shirts and visors. Wear the colors.



TS-X9 surface mounted 2-way speaker.
TS-M2 tweeter.
TS-168 flush mounted 3-way speaker.

3 through 35. An ear-dazzling array of speakers. Built with extraordinary attention to design and materials. 32 different deck-mounts, surface-mounts, door-mounts, dual-cones, two-ways,



Steve Tillack displays himself and his collected works.

t your ears down ler.

38 through 59. Integrated supersystems. We offer 21 different systems with built-in amplifiers. In-dash or under-dash. AM/FM & Cassette. AM/FM & 8-Track. AM/FM only. FM/Cassette combo. Or 8-Track or Cassette alone. Now that's freedom of choice.

60. Autosound fashions.* Owning a Pioneer Car Stereo requires a suitable wardrobe. Check out our T-shirt and tank-top collection. Featuring Pioneer I.D. on the flip side, so people will know where your sound is coming from.



Your walls can have ears. This poster now in fifth printing.

61. The highway library.* There's an impressive body of literature to go with Pioneer Car Stereo. Our renowned resident auto stereo authority, Steve Tillack, has authored four best-sellers on the subject.

62. Dolby.** Found in several of our models, Dolby eliminates tape hiss.



Get in touch with a whole other dimension in sound.

63. Bodysonic. Car stereo you can feel in your bones. The first major breakthrough in autosound since stereo itself. Test feel it.

64. Audio decor.* There's a whole collection of Pioneer-aphernalia. Including our much-beloved Eargasm poster, a celebration of aural ecstasy.

65. Have a fit. With the world's broadest line of quality car stereo, Pioneer fits in perfectly whether you drive a Rolls or a VW.

66 through 84. Pioneer component car stereo. Build a car stereo that puts most home systems to shame. 18 different separates—tuners, cassette decks, and seven-band graphic equalizer. Plus amplifiers powerful enough to drive the hottest string of speakers.



GM-120 component amplifier. 30 watts per channel. KPX-9000. A component tuner/cassette with pre-amp. CD-7 component 7-band graphic equalizer

O.K. We've been reasonable enough. Now you've got to hear Pioneer. Go to a Pioneer dealer. It'll be the most rational thing you ever did.



Find your nearest dealer, toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois: (800) 322-4400.

PIONEER®
The best sound going.



Sirs:

Okay, I know everybody is a little down, things are rather somber, and goodness knows the future appears to be a trifle bleak. Everybody out there hates us, our economy is in bad shape, the Communists are making us look silly. It's bad. But let's not mope around. Let's do something about it! Let's have a nationwide pep rally! Come on! Everybody outside! Let's hear it! Who are the greatest people in the world? *We are!* What is the greatest country in the whole universe? *America!* Come on, I can't hear you way out there in Montana! Who's going to stop inflation? *We are!* Who's going to have a super, super year? *We are!* One more time, what's the most fabulous place in the whole of creation? *The United States of America!* Can we lick our problems? *Yes! Are you sure? Yes! Are you positive? Yes! Cross your heart and hope to die? Yes! Let's hear it then! Yeeeeesssssss!!!!* Okay, go out there and give it your best shot!

Coach "Hooter" MacKenzie
Sturgis Rural Consolidated
High School
Sturgis, Mich.

Sirs:

The reason why our words are so unusual is that during the tenth century, the Turks invaded our country and raped and pillaged our language and carried away all of our vowels. We were able to borrow a few vowels from the Latvians so that we could communicate with one another, but that's all.

Professor Czynchwznszh
University of Warsaw
Warsaw, Poland

Sirs:

As a German, I would like to express my opinion of the article that appears on page 33 of your current issue. The views of my homeland advanced by your Mr. Meyerowitz are totally inaccurate. The war is over. The past has been buried. Germany today is a responsible democracy and a leading world power. We ought not to be laughed at. We are not to be

mocked. And if that mocky kike bastard comes back here, we'll cut off his balls and roast them in our ovens with Anne Frank's little-bitty tits.

Willy Brandt
West Germany

Sirs:

I just flew in from Las Vegas, and boy, are my lips tired!

Maggie Trudeau
Studio 54

Sirs:

As a public service to your readers, would you please be kind enough to print the following announcement: "All persons who know themselves to have been in the vicinity of Superman during the use of his X-ray vision superpower, please contact your nearest D.C. Comics office and make an appointment for a blood test. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's Food and Drug Administration has determined that Superman's X-ray capabilities emit higher than permissible levels of radiation, with the result of possible health endangerment." Thank you.

J. Jack Blumstein
Legal Counsel
D.C. Comics

Sirs:

I know this may sound kind of stupid, but I'm only a freshman in high school so I'm not that smart yet. Anyhow, it's about the energy crisis, you know. About oil and all that. Oil takes about a billion years to make, so we can't make anymore. At least not for about a billion years, anyway. So, like what if we hooked up stuff to arms of guys my age so that when we beat off, you know, it would make energy? It would be real cheap, and it wouldn't be dangerous like nuclear energy, because about all the danger you would risk is getting caught by your parents.

Anonymous
Santa Monica, Cal.

Sirs:

Don't blame us for gas prices—blame those big-city Jews who make us sponsor those cultural shows on TV. What would you rather have? Shakespeare or a full tank of unleaded at last year's prices? I rest my case.

Chairman of the Board
Exxon Corporation

Sirs:

I am the Eastern Regional Representative for InnerWear, the underwear for

your soul. InnerWear is made of soft, absorbent 100 percent cotton that fits better and lasts longer. Lady InnerWear has a reinforced panel that shapes, lifts, and supports a woman's soul. InnerWear for Him has a rugged two-ply construction that holds his soul firmly and snugly. I'd like you to try a pair of InnerWear, and if they don't fit better, feel better, and protect deeper and longer than any other metaphysical undergarments you may have tried, please return them for a complete refund with my compliments, of course.

Steve Plitt
InnerWear, Inc.
Marblehead, Mass

Sirs:

I beg to differ with the author of "Where to Find the Best Sex in Europe," appearing in this issue. The best sex in Europe is in my apartment. Every girl in the world wants to boast to her friends that she fucked me, because I'm a real prince.

Prince Charles
(Heir to the Throne)
London, England

Sirs:

Tell me the truth: which looks less faggy—parting it on the right or the left? I'd really like to know.

Occupant
The White House

Sirs:

We're a specialized, well-respected prep school in Connecticut that teaches rich girls to act like hysterical assholes. We were wondering if we could take out an ad with you on a "swap" basis. You give us half a page and we'll educate one rich girl for you. Just let us know if you like the deal and we'll send a guy over with a sack for the rich girl.

Buffy Vanderbean
Fumblers Hall, Conn.

Sirs:

I want all your readers to know that my sex life is still great. I use my left thumb instead of my right one.

Goose Gossage
New York City, N.Y.

Sirs:

There's this little Chinese market on the boardwalk in Venice Beach, California. Meet me in front of it at 12:30, September 28, and I'll show you some of the filthiest, most pathetic human beings you've ever seen.

Vincent Price
Hollywood, Cal.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA

Discovery

Discovery
The New Album By
Electric Light Orchestra.

Produced by Jeff Lynne



On Jet Records & Tapes

© 1979 CBS Inc. Distributed by CBS Records



Discovery

Includes the single
"Shine A Little Love"

Canadian Corner



THEIR FATE WAS SEALED

Ned Trinity was his name, and a tough and grizzled old Newfoundlander he was. I met him one night on Queen Street, where he huddled in his oil-slicker and sou'wester over a quart of beer, both arms grasping the edges of the curb as if a sudden gale might capsize it. He was obviously the b'y who had built the boat and sailed her aground on the treacherous shoals of Toronto.

"Hunt the seal they must, b'y!" he hailed toward me, catching my eye. "Hunt the seal they must, and a cruel, thankless hunt it is!"

He struck up an ancient shanty and jiggered with his feet, all the while holding my eyes with his weathered gaze. I sat down beside him and gave ear to his tale. It was well worth it, for I had been wondering about the famed Newfoundland seal hunt. Newspapers and television screens had recently been filled with movie stars and other professional wildlife who tugged the public's heartstrings with tales of the seal hunters' sadistic delight in bludgeoning these furry international pets—while also tugging at the public's purse strings in order to continue their campaign. What was the truth about the seal hunt? I confided my doubts to Ned Trinity.

"The hunt, Ned, the hunt. Spin me that yarn," I prompted.

Grasping me with his skinny arm, turning a glittering eye to hold me in my seat, he tossed back his quart and launched into his tale, his voice rising and falling to the slap of distant waves. Scenes of a desolate, rocky coast and fisherfolk who toiled for a living there flashed before my inner eye. And this, mainlanders, is the truth:

A piercing woman's wail rises from the tiny Newfoundland fishing village of Heart's Despair. It is joined by another and yet another until the very heavens ring with this haunting chorus of grief. The baby seal hunt

has begun.

Inside the cramped hovel, a guttering tallow candle throws weird shadows across the oilskins hung on the walls and draped across the floor. The women sit in a circle, rocking back and forth. They are wearing the traditional black slickers of mourning, and widow's seaweed is strung through their hair. There is a grief so many fathoms deep it can only be expressed in a howl of ancient sorrow. For the clammy flipper of the baby seal rests heavy on their hearts, and his cold snout is probing deep into the black, troubled waters of their souls.

This is the time of year when all the men of the village go forth to hunt the seal, and many a lovely, lean-bodied young man goes down to his blubbery doom.

Now the sea is a harsh, cruel foe, but the harshness of the baby seal is worse, much worse. For sheer wickedness, the baby seal outranks even such oceanic villains as the Head Nurse Shark and the Amazonian Electric Barnacle. First there is the deadly bewitchment of its warm brown eyes, that soul-entrancing gaze that has been sung in many a ballad:

*The youth was pale, his face was
drawn,
He paid no heed at all.
Alas, fair youth, so weak and wan,
The Seal has thee in thrall.*

Once a man catches so much as a glimpse of the seal's eyes, he is lost. Drawn ever onward by those soft, vacuous pools, some men hear their mothers calling them or claim to see the face of a loved one. Others hear a strange music playing—the sinister



JONAH WILES
LEGLESS LOGGER

Holly K. Tuttle

glissandos of the harp seal's melody. But it is a fatal mirage, for they are led to walk straight off the ice floe into the chill waters, where numberless seals lurk. There, with smothering fur and sleek, wily bodies, these demons of the vasty depths toy with fishermen, often prolonging the death agony for hours. None have ever returned from these submarine revels.

The hunting of the seal is carried out with great caution and dignity. The hunters wear blinkers to protect their eyes from that hypnotic gaze. They have also equipped themselves with shelalags, hockey sticks, baseball bats, and suchlike, not to commit bloody mayhem upon the seals, but to mercifully bludgeon any man unlucky enough to be seduced by those warm brown eyes.

Each boatload of men carries a fiddler, who plays old ballads that tell of the wickedness of the seal. The creatures love to hear these tales of past evil, and throng to the ice floes.

The men pluck the seal from the ice floe, wearing kid gloves so that no rough handling takes place. And then the seal, after being prepared to meet its maker, is lifted up (still using kid gloves) and given a fair shake.

The fair shake brings its head into rapid contact with a block of ice whose anesthetic effect assures the little thing feels no pain.

The skin is then gently lifted off its body, as easily as you would change an infant's nappies, and the body itself is modestly clothed in a knitted sweater, before it is consigned to the deep.

"A sweater?" I asked, incredulous. "Aye," nodded Ned, "so that the small thing might feel no shame when it swims before its creator!"

An ancient ritual, but just as ancient, is the sorrow of the women keening far off in the village. Some of their men—some of the best men that ever brought fish home to Liza—have gone down to the seal.

"Aye, b'y," Ned Trinity chanted, "for they have seen the angel of death spread its flippers over Heart's Despair. If ye ever go down to the seal, me lad..." he added, tears filling his eyes, "take these. Ye'll be needing them. They were my father's and his before him."

He fumbled inside his slicker and pressed something into my hands before he lurched out into the vicious Toronto night. I looked down. It was a pair of sunglasses, \$1.39 at Kresge's.

Brian Shein

Summer. Seven Style



Summer's here and the mixing is easy. Refresh yourself with a tall, cool glass of Seagram's 7 with 7-Up, cola, ginger ale or your favorite mixer. Enjoy summer Seven style! And enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

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LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

Here's what's wrong with the world. When you are sixteen, you want a woman who's twenty-five. When you are twenty-five, you want a gal who is thirty-five. When you are thirty-five, you want a girl who is sixteen. All the sweet young girls are snapped up by semiliterate criminals in stolen vans. The beautiful twenty-five-year-old gals flock to those hairy-chested jackasses who know how to disco dance. All the rest of the stunning, gorgeous women in the world marry short, fat, bald foreigners. If you are a regular fella, you end up with 175 pounds of cellulite, stretch marks, and Oil of Olay. Plus, on top of it all, if you see a handsome man on the street, chances are he is a fruitcake. Straighten all that out and life will be grand.

Jack S. Smerch
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sirs:

I just read *The Sun Also Rises* by that Ernest Hemingway for a required lit course. Did it suck!

You have this dude who's had his tool shot off in some war, and you have this British nympho, and they piss and moan a lot because they can't get it on.

Now why didn't Hemingway just

have the dude eat the chick and have her give him an enema, and afterwards they go to the bullfight and get down?

Brad Studd
Dullnormal, Ill.

Sirs:

Where the hell is Martha? She said she'd wait for me.

John Mitchell
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Why am I always trying to swim back home instead of taking the plane like normal people? Well, I would have asked myself the same question after fifteen minutes in jellyfish-infested waters on the way from Cuba to Florida, but honestly, I haven't got the IQ of a rubber duck. My main ambition in life is to get incredibly pruny and then drown. I think this is in keeping with the values that made our country great.

Diana Nyad
The Open Sea

Sirs:

I have been reading all this stuff in *National Geographic* about how dolphins have this highly advanced system of communicating with each other and how that makes them such remarkable animals and practically human. These lu-

natic scientists are jumping up and down because they think they've deciphered a couple of dozen different dolphin squeaks—one long squeak followed by a bunch of short squeals, for example, means danger, etc., etc., etc. Well, if the guys with the seven billion dollars in grant money would think to poke their heads above water once in a while, they'd notice that myna birds have been talking for centuries. And in English, too—not some high-frequency jibberish. When a myna bird sees a falling tree, he says, "Look out for the falling tree." Now that's amazing. And certainly a hell of a lot more worth investigating than a bunch of honking fish.

A Concerned Citizen
1430 Calle de Street
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sirs:

You guys make me sick printing all those stories about Linda giving good head. Why don't you grow up? If I told you once I told you a thousand times, Linda does *not* give good head.

Anonymous
Governor of California

Sirs:

I found it!
It's right at the apex of the labia minora.

David Eisenhower
Washington, D.C.
continued on page 26

NEAR PERFECT

PERFECT

NEAR PERFECT/ PERFECT.

MARTIN MULL's new album on **Elektra Records and Tapes.**

Two covers for the price of one record.

It's nearly a hit!

Production and Sound by **Bones Howe a B.H. Production**

© 1979 Elektra/Asylum Records
A Warner Communications Co. ®

AFTER DEVELOPING THE WORLD'S MOST PRECISE METERING SYSTEM, SUCCESS WENT TO OUR HEADS.

Most any audio manufacturer today would be completely content with a cassette deck that offered the incredible Fluroscan metering system found in Pioneer's CT-F950.

But Pioneer isn't just any audio manufacturer. And the CT-F950 isn't just any cassette deck.

Instead of slow-to-react VU meters that give you limited resolution, the CT-F950 has a Fluroscan metering system that gives you a far more accurate picture of what you're listening to. It even has Peak, Peak Hold, and Average Buttons that let you record without

music. More clarity. Less distortion.

A DIGITAL BRAIN WITH AN ELECTRONIC MEMORY.

Pioneer's CT-F950 has a digital brain with a memory that performs four different functions. Memory Stop. Memory Play. Counter Repeat. And End Repeat.

And while many cassette decks let you monitor during recording, what they don't let you do is control what you monitor.

The CT-F950 allows you to bias by ear. So you have as much control over your tape deck as you would over any musical instrument.

Of course, these are just a few of the virtues of the CT-F950. But there are also features like a Double Dolby noise reduction system. And direct function switching.

Obviously, all that went into Pioneer's CT-F950

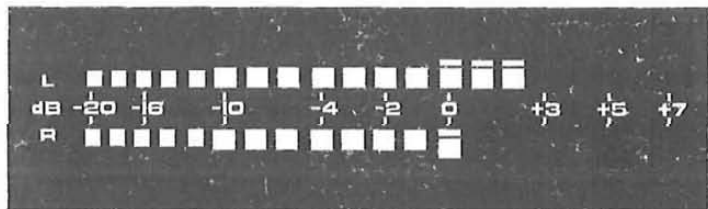
sounds impressive. But it's not half as impressive as what comes out of it.

So we suggest you go to your Pioneer dealer and listen to it. You'll hear what's really made the CT-F950 an instant success.

PIONEER
We bring it back alive.

©1979 U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074

Rack mounting handles optional



The first cassette deck with Fluroscan metering and an erase head for metal tape.

fear of overload.

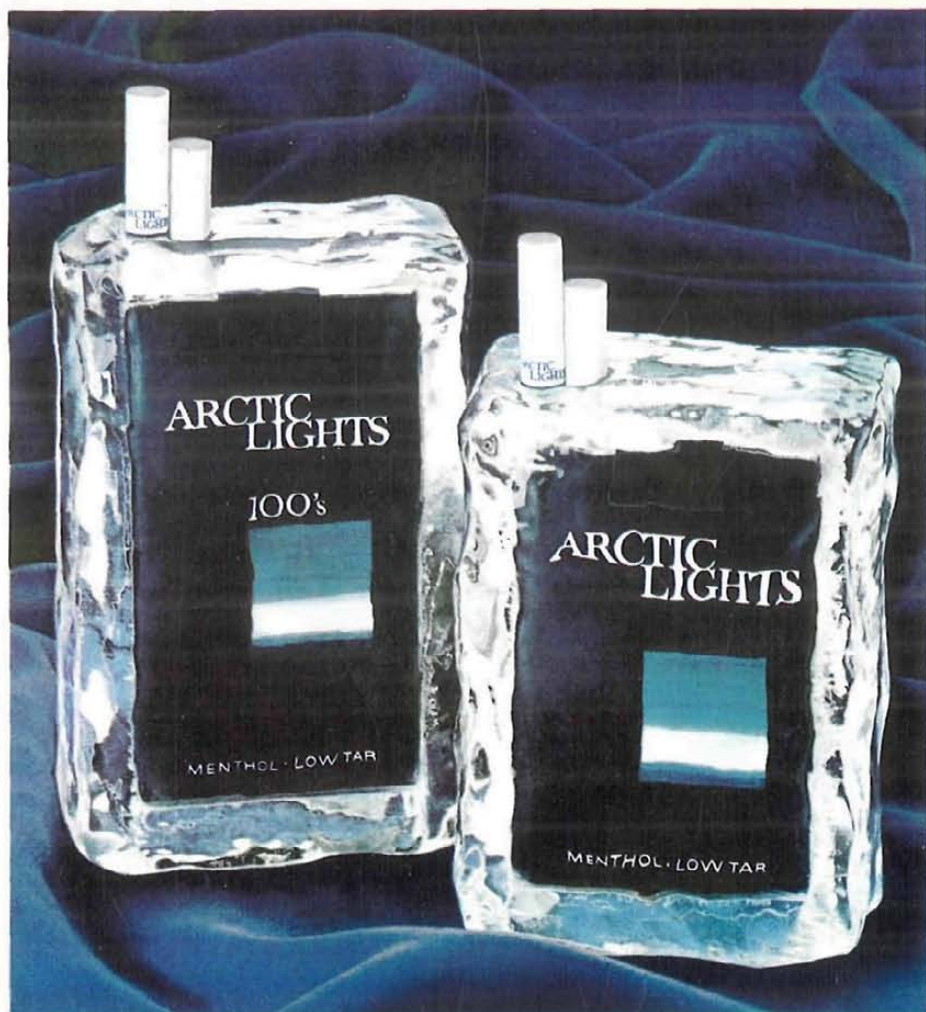
But our meter is only a small measure of our worth.

If you examine our heads you'll find the CT-F950 is different from most cassette decks. Instead of record and playback heads made of permalloy or ordinary ferrite, our heads are made of a newly developed Uni-Crystal Ferrite composition that gives you greater frequency response, lower distortion, and better wear-resistance.

METAL TAPE CAPABILITY FOR HIGHER HIGH FIDELITY.

But it's our third head that keeps us further ahead of the competition. This new Alflex/ferrite erase head permits the CT-F950 to accept one of today's great audio advancements. Metal tape. Though its technology is incredibly complicated, its benefit is incredibly simple. More





Discover
Arctic Lights
—more menthol refreshment than
any other low 'tar' cigarette.

Full menthol refreshment. That's what ARCTIC LIGHTS delivers.

A very special kind of menthol refreshment you just won't find in any other low 'tar' menthol cigarette.

You see, while the filter holds back 'tar,'

the unique new ARCTIC LIGHTS menthol blend comes right through. Result? You get the iciest, brightest taste in menthol smoking—puff after puff. Light up your first ARCTIC LIGHTS. **You just won't believe it's a low 'tar' menthol.**

Arctic Lights: Kings & 100's

© 1979 B&W T Co.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

"Soreheads and Cranks"

SOVIET DISSIDENTS ARRIVE IN U.S.

First Female P.M. Ever

THATCHER VICTORIOUS IN BRITISH ELECTION

Conservative Party candidate Margaret Thatcher became England's first woman prime minister recently in a decisive victory over Labor Party candidate James Callaghan.

Mrs. Thatcher moved swiftly to consolidate her power by meeting with the other female head of the British government, Queen Elizabeth.

"Her majesty and I are in complete agreement," Thatcher told reporters. "Britain has been extremely naughty over the last decade, and must be punished. I am therefore asking Parliament to approve a bill requiring all British citizens to go to their rooms without dessert for a week, to clean up the clothing they always leave strewn about, to wash their hands before coming to the table, and to stop fidgeting when I talk to them.

"If Parliament does not pass these measures, your queen and I will be very unhappy and disappointed, and I shall have to ask Her Majesty to speak to God about it when He gets home from work."



Five Soviet dissidents, recently exchanged for two Russian spies, have arrived in the U.S. to great fanfare. However, their behavior has turned out to be somewhat disappointing to their American hosts.

"Look, what can I tell you, they were dissidents there, and they're dissidents here," said one unnamed State Department official. "As soon as they got off the plane, they started complaining. 'My coffee wasn't hot enough.' 'Why

does it take so long to get your luggage?' 'The customs man was very rude.' I think we've made a terrible mistake. Fortunately, the two spies spoke only Russian—we didn't have to listen to them bitch all day long."

Most famous among the five is poet Aleksandr Ginsburg, whom the official described as the "worst of the lot. Before he even got past customs, he had written a poem denouncing the Muzak on the plane. What a grouch."



**Over 100,000 Protest
Carter Mum on
Anti-Nuke Demo**

President Carter is said to have "ignored" the recent demonstration against nuclear power in Washington, telling reporters he "couldn't be bothered to listen to a few dozen kooks and cranks."

Projecting a business-as-usual demeanor, the president then went on to say that he "felt certain that Rosalynn Bird felt the same, as did Amy Bird." He then puzzled reporters by hoisting the family dog by the ears in a playful demonstration of affection. The brief press conference—during which the president repeatedly made mention of "going down to the ranch for a few days"—ended after Mr. Carter pulled down his pants and displayed for the cameras the scar he had received during a recent operation on his hemorrhoids.

**"A Masterpiece of Sub-total Recall"
Ford Memoirs
Published**

The memoirs of former president Gerald R. Ford were published recently, and reveal, more than anything else, the curious workings of the mind of this numbskull-turned-chief executive.

Mr. Ford has written a patchwork collection of meandering reminiscences, with anecdotes concerning his presidency giving way to random memories concerning school spelling tests, teen-age dates, movies he saw while writing the book, favorite meals, etc.

"I remember once we went to the zoo," he writes in the chapter entitled "Nixon, Kissinger, and the Soviet Threat." "There was a big antelope there, and when I tried to take its picture, it drank some water."

In another chapter, entitled "The Struggle to Control Inflation," Ford writes, "Arthur Burns, of course, was nothing like the great comedian George Burns. I remember seeing *Oh, God* at a theater in Los Angeles, and there were these great big chocolate chip cookies for sale at the candy counter. They were, I must say, delicious."



**Administration Ponders New Approach
Congress Votes Down Carter Energy Plan**



**Smooth Transition to Black Rule
Rhodesian Elections Complete Success**



Majority rule came to Rhodesia recently, as blacks assumed key positions in that country's government for the first time.

One minor shift in governmental operations was also instituted. Called "temporary, probably," the measure provided for the transfer of power over the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of government, as well as over the military and all national and local police forces, to the Office of the Postmaster General. Ian Smith, former

prime minister of the all-white Rhodesian government, ran unopposed for the office.

"I intend to employ all the power at my disposal to see that mail is delivered promptly and to the right parties," Smith told reporters. "When that is accomplished—and only then—I will consider letting things return to normal. But we are experiencing a state of Letter and Parcel Emergency in this country, and that goal may not be reached for up to a billion years."

Post-“Palimony” Ploy

Michele Triola to Sue Council

In the wake of a court decision ruling that she was not entitled to half of the assets and earnings of her common-law husband, Lee Marvin, Michelle Triola has announced her intention of suing her attorney, Marvin Mitchelson, for half of all the money he made during their professional relationship.

“Let’s face it,” she told reporters, “this man rose to national prominence while he was representing me, and I refuse to be left behind while he goes on to have fun and get rich off of other clients. We spent a lot of time together, and had lunch every day, and everything.”

Ms. Marvin has also declared that henceforth she will call herself Michelle Triola Marvin Mitchelson.



...BE-
CAUSE I GAVE
UP MY PROMISING
CAREER AS LEE MAR-
VIN’S GIRL FRIEND TO JOIN
MARVIN MITCHELSON, AND
I THINK I DESERVE
SOMETHING FOR
THAT!

Carter Announces Safeguard Plan SALT Treaty Seems Likely



NOW REPEAT
AFTER ME: CROSS
MY HEART AND HOPE
TO DIE....

YES, YES,
CROSSING MY
HEART....

LEFT HAND
VISIBLE AT ALL TIMES.
MR. PREMIER! KEEP
THOSE FINGERS
SPREAD!

Ratification of a strategic arms limitation treaty between the U.S. and the Soviet Union became “almost a certainty” recently when the White House announced President Carter’s plan, whereby the two countries would monitor each other’s adherence to the pact.

The plan calls for the emplacement of Russian observers “in or around most of the key strategic command posts, bases, and headquarters of the U.S.” Thus, Russian military experts would be stationed at the Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, as well as the Pentagon and

other key bases. Further, Soviet scientists will be conducted on bimonthly tours of major American weapons factories, including those of Lockheed, Pratt-Whitney, Boeing, and Grumman.

In return, the U.S. will station observers “behind Leonid Brezhnev’s back, to ascertain that the premier does not have his fingers crossed during the signing of the treaty.” The Russian presidium will, en masse, “cross their hearts and hope to die” in endorsement of the agreement, and President Alexei Kosygin will be required to “swear on his mother’s grave” that the treaty will be honored.

Bizarre Tale from Texas

Twister Survivors Tell of Strange Land



AUNTIE EM!
AUNTIE EM!

WHAT
THE HELL
IS THAT? AND
WHAT IS THAT CORA
WOMAN DOING ON
A BROOM-
STICK?!

I’LL
GET YOU,
MY PRETTY! AND
YOUR LITTLE
DOG, TOO!

Dictator “Dances” Way to Freedom True Story of Amin’s Escape



I AM A PRIMITIVE
UGANDAN FROM THE
DAWN OF TIME. SEE
MY MOVING FEET!

I AM
UGANDAN MAN,
THE COLONIZED!
PIP, PIP! WHAT
HO!

I AM UGANDAN MAN
TODAY. TWIST, TWIST!
GET DOWN!

KEEP DANCING,
BOYS, FOR GOODNESS
SAKE. THE BORDER’S
RIGHT BEHIND THAT
ELEPHANT!

I REPRESENT
UGANDAN MAN, THE
TOOLMAKER. WATCH
ME DANCE!

Deposed Ugandan dictator Idi Amin Dada escaped the Tanzanian troops who overran his country recently by literally dancing his way across the border into neighboring Sudan. The dance performed by the escaping president was the African Hat Dance of Ugandan Evolution, an educational ballet that he himself devised and choreographed.

Troops of African Hat Dancers were

originally organized by Amin to tour the country, performing in tiny villages and towns; their purpose was to “bring to life” for local populations the great evolutionary strides that had been made by the Ugandan people since the dawn of time. Fleeing his capital at Kampala, Amin was able to locate one such touring troop and redirect its “steps” across the border and to safety.

Survivors of a tornado that recently devastated an area of Texas have reported being transported to a “fair-land” and encountering such oddities as “talking trees, dancing scarecrows, men made of trash cans and funnels, and huge mobs of singing midgets.”

Clem Dibbet, whose town of Yuma Flats (pop. 533) was literally wiped off the map by the storm, told reporters that he “conked out and came to in a crazy place where the only highway was made of bricks, and that Maxwell House coffee woman—what’s her name—Cora, was flying around on a broomstick and scaring everybody.” Other residents of the town reported seeing an “army of flying monkeys.”

One discrepancy in the tale, however, concerns the reports of the town’s black population. They insist that the place they saw was “just like New York, only jazzier. And all the witches were colored folk, like us. And Diana Ross was there, too.”

These are the shoes of people who didn't subscribe to the National Lampoon.



The *National Lampoon's* big stupid bully men are combing the country, looking for people who haven't subscribed to the *National Lampoon*.

When nonsubscribers are caught by our big stupid bully men, their shoes are stripped from their feet, their laces tied together, and their shoes hurled over a telephone line or way up into a tree.

Avoid having to walk home in socks. Subscribe to the *National Lampoon* now by filling out the coupon.

Please curb your big stupid bully men. I will subscribe to your magazine and save a heck of a pile of money over the newsstand price. Please find enclosed my check or money order payable within the continental U.S.A. or Canada, made out to:
NATIONAL LAMPOON DEPT 879
635 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

- One-year subscription—\$8.95 (a saving of \$9.05 over single copy purchase price).
 Two-year subscription—\$11.00 (a saving of \$25.00 over single copy purchase price and \$3.00 less than the basic subscription price).
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For each year, add \$2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. All checks must be payable within the continental U.S.A. or Canada.

Name _____ Address _____
(please print)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Country _____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

**New Part for President
Carter Sports Revamped Hairstyle**



In response to questions concerning President Carter's new tonsorial appearance—his hair part has shifted from the right side to the left—the White House admitted that the president "suffers from a mild form of schizophrenia."

"He manifests two, and sometimes three, distinct personalities," explained White House physician Dr. Blain Soldat. "The first is the Jimmy we all know: the sincere, soft-spoken Georgia farmer and nuclear engineer. But this new one goes by the name of 'Timmy.' He claims to be

from Mississippi, says he has a brother addicted to drugs, and, of course, parts his hair on the left."

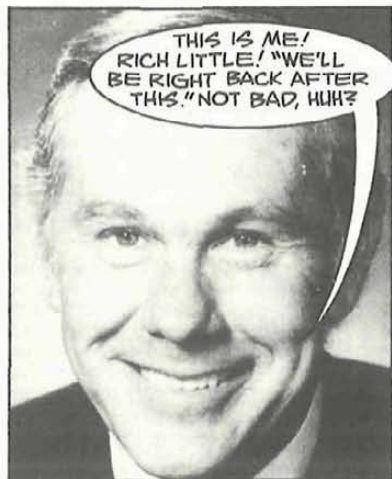
Dr. Soldat assured the press corps that there was nothing to be alarmed about. "Both Timmy and Jimmy are aware of each other's existence," he said. "And also of the existence of a third brother, Johnny, who wears his hair slicked back, glistening with pomade. But all three of them hold similar political views, and are capable of providing the same stupid leadership."

**NBC Prepared for the Worst
Silverman Names Carson's Replacement**



NBC television chief Fred Silverman has announced that network's choice for replacement of Johnny Carson, host of the long-running "Tonight Show." Carson has announced he may leave the show after this year.

"Who else could it be," Silverman told reporters, "but Rich Little. I mean, Rich is terrific. He does a fantastic Johnny—I once closed my eyes and couldn't even



tell who was talking, whether it was Johnny or Rich! Plus, Rich can do all the guest spots. Have you ever heard his Jack Lemmon? Fantastic, just fantastic. And we're giving him trumpet lessons and buying him a lot of gaudy, hideous clothes in case Doc decides to quit. And Rich'll work five days a week! Frankly, maybe Johnny should, well, go fuck himself."

**Campaign '80 Under Way
Brown Seeks Image as "Man"**

California Governor Jerry Brown's recent African trip, on which he was accompanied by rock singer Linda Ronstadt, was deemed a "complete success, almost" by those Brown forces concerned that the governor project the image of being a "normal heterosexual-type man."

However, one unnamed source admitted that Brown and Ronstadt slept "in separate tents" during the safari, and that, therefore, additional strategies and publicity moves will be necessary to convince the public of Brown's masculinity. Some of these are:

- The addition of "tough guy" curse words such as *motherfucker*, *douchebag*, and *my ass* to Brown's everyday vocabulary.

- A paternity suit, alleging Brown to be the father of three children, to be filed by the Pointer Sisters.

- The cultivation of "typically unsavory male habits," including spitting, knuckle-cracking, and the "plainly audible breaking of wind."

- A fistfight, to be provoked by Brown, with actor James Caan at Chasen's, a Los Angeles restaurant.



**Navy Retires First
Nuclear Sub**

The first nuclear submarine, the U.S.S. *Nautilus*, has been retired after twenty-five years of active service. The vessel will spend its retirement in Sarasota, Florida. "She can go on leisurely maneuvers, cruise down to the fuel depot in the evenings, and stay submerged as long as she wants to," a navy spokesman said of the pioneering sub.

NEWS BRIEFS



Damaged Reactor to Become Community Center

The damaged Three Mile Island nuclear reactor will be turned into a community center for the residents of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a spokesman for the power company that owns the crippled reactor said. "It's our way of saying that we're sorry for the worry and the inconvenience we caused the residents of the area," he said. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission ordered the reactor to be shut down permanently because radiation levels exceeded minimum safety guidelines for reactors and service buildings. No such guidelines exist for community centers.

N.Y. Celebrates Budget Surplus

After finding nearly three million surplus dollars in the 1979 New York City municipal budget, city officials joined Mayor Koch at an all-night party at 21, where Mr. Koch announced that the city would use the extra money to hire five thousand associate sanitation assistant supervisors and to offer free video games to disadvantaged people in the city.

Iran Tries Sixty-three

Sixty-three persons executed in Iran last month are due to be tried "sometime in September," according to a source close to Ayatollah Khomeini. It is expected that they will be found guilty.

Modern Day Dracula Lives on Tuna Fish

The world's last surviving vampire told reporters recently that he is doing very well on a diet of tuna fish and whole wheat bread. His taste and need for human blood has slacked off as a result of being on the new diet, and he is even able to go outdoors on overcast

days without suffering the usual side effects caused by exposure to daylight. Jonosh Kabriski, fifty-seven, says that he expects to be in a near-normal condition by Christmas. The great-great grandnephew of the infamous Count Dracula has even forsaken the vampire's traditional resting place—a coffin—for a hide-a-bed sofa.

Pakistan Admits Error

Continued outcry over the hanging of former prime minister Ali Bhutto for allegedly ordering the death of a political foe has led to a decision by President Zia ul-Haq to grant Bhutto a pardon. President ul-Haq is rumored also to have asked leading Pakistani doctors and scientists to see if they can "make Bhutto all better again."

Out-of-State Minnow Sales Now Legal in Oklahoma

The Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional a law barring out-of-state sales of minnows caught in Oklahoma on the grounds that the law interferes with interstate commerce. The justices also decided that red was their favorite color, that Justice Berger did the best impression of Carter, and that it was too bad Johnny Carson was leaving NBC in a week of heavy activity.

New Israeli Settlements Planned

Following the removal of settlements from the Sinai, Israel says it is planning to relocate settlers in the backyards of as yet undetermined American citizens. "One night we'll just move in, and if the people don't like it, they can fight us for thirty years," a settlement director said.

Crossing Guards Called to Aid in Prison Strike

New York Governor Hugh Carey has called on New York City street crossing guards to fill in for striking prison guards. The crossing guards have no background in law enforcement, and are inexperienced in dealing with hardened criminals, but, sources report, the prisoners are moving to and from their cells in orderly fashion with a minimum of horseplay.

New NATO Armaments

In the wake of recent intelligence reports concerning Warsaw Pact military superiority in Europe, NATO nations are moving to upgrade their defensive weaponry. It is expected that most NATO divisions will be equipped with new balls of wet Kleenex by early 1981.

UN to Vote on Vietnam

The United Nations Security Council is expected to vote soon on a measure which would call for the country of Vietnam to be "cut up into little pieces and scattered over the oceans." Many world leaders believe that Vietnam is an incorrigible troublemaker, and unless destroyed, will continue to draw major powers into conflict with it. "Everyone in Vietnam has been killed two or three times, so it's pointless to just go in there and shoot everyone," the secretary-general said. "We have no choice but to just dismantle it and dump it."

U.K. Plagued by Calls for Independence, Strikes

Following the Conservative Party victory of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, the British held a second set of national elections, in which they voted to become an independent country. It is reported that the Union Jack was being hauled down over Buckingham Palace before someone remembered that they were already ruled by themselves. "Well, we haven't been doing a very good job of it," commented one bystander.

In an apparently unrelated development, the English royal family has gone on strike, causing a severe shortage of horse-faced women in hats.

U.S. and Soviets Plan Sequel to SALT Talks

Secretary of State Vance and Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin made a joint announcement this month that the Soviet Union and the United States will participate in the production of a sequel to the SALT II talks to be titled SALT III. The sequel will pick up where SALT II left off, with the president calling the Soviet premier unreasonable and a detriment to world peace. A date for SALT III has been set.

Tito Fails in Peace Bid

Israelis and Syrians both rejected an offer to assist in a peacemaking effort by Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito. Tito offered to help set up chairs, make sandwiches, type up communiqués, and empty ashtrays.

Oil Company Profits Up

Exxon, largest of the U.S. oil companies, has reported second quarter earnings of \$79,376,082,563,977,003, 156,395,221,974,209,773,476,498,276, 743,405,577,390,176,218,909,345,793, 742,097,334,764,982,767,434,055,773, 091,762,189,093,454,566.37 for 1979, representing a slight increase over earnings for the same period in 1978.



ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO DRINK LESS THAN THE REST OF THE BOYS?

Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

The hero who thinks it's macho to drink like a fish is regarded by sensible people as an animal.

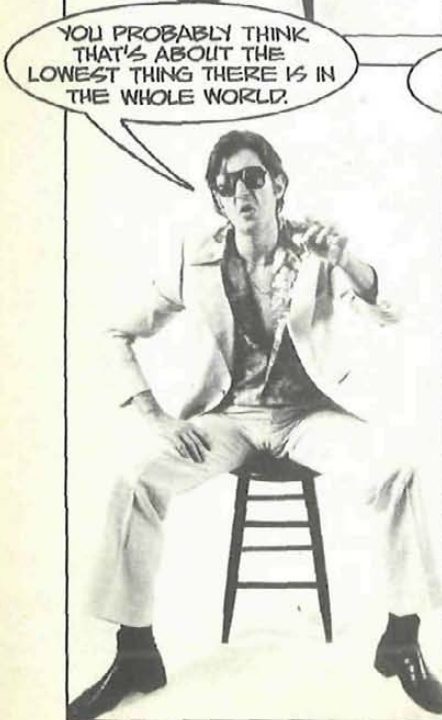
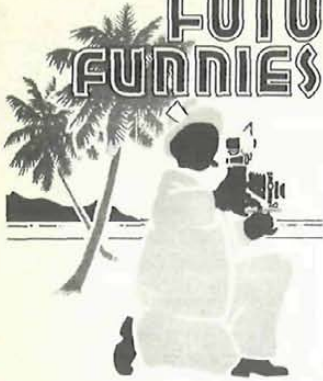
That's why we, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

A real man has the strength to say no when he's had enough.

*Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS),
1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004*

**IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING
A BAD NAME.**

FOTO FUNNIES





“We Puerto Ricans know white rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka. We’re pleased you’re starting to agree with us.”

Enrique Vila del Corral, CPA, and his wife Ingrid.

Puerto Rican white rum and soda on the rocks with a twist. Refreshingly dry and satisfying.

You’ll also find that white rum mixes beautifully with other favorites like tonic and orange juice. In fact no matter how you mix it, Puerto Rican white rum makes decidedly smoother, better tasting drinks.

For one very good reason. By law, every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to

smoothness, aging is the name of the game. **Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.**

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.



white rum & soda

For free “Light Rums of Puerto Rico” recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. M-5, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. ©1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

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LETTERS

continued from page 14

Sirs:

Is an asset money or is it your breasts? I have heard people talk about their money being their assets, but then last night this guy who works at Data Control Processors, where I am a secretary, said that my breasts were my best assets, and if that's true, I would like to use them to buy a Pontiac Trans-Am and a new stereo.

Cindi Martin
California Valley, Ore.

Sirs:

I read your magazine with relish. Sometimes, if the notion strikes me, I'll read it with a little hot mustard or some Miracle Whip.

H.J. Heinz
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

It is with the utmost pleasure that I announce to you and your readers that the red Buick Electra 225 with white trim, flight interior, and custom wheel pack has been inducted into the Black American Automobile Hall of Fame here in Gary, Indiana. This car has served the black community in many capacities and particularly distinguished itself in the areas of po-

lice chase maneuvering and eight-man city night cruising.

Our hats off to a most fine automobile on this proud day in its illustrious career.

Lawrence "Bobs" McNab
Executive Director, President, and
Chairman of the Board
Black American Automobile
Hall of Fame
12212 U.S. Steel Avenue
Gary, Ind.

Sirs:

I don't take Geritol because of my family, my husband, or my friends. I don't take it because I am grown or independent or special. I take it because I bleed like a pig when I'm on the rag and I need the iron.

Meg McArgle
322 Swirly Pine Road
Deerfield, Ill.

Sirs:

You might enjoy this rich one. Yesterday the wife and I were out in the potato field, and I said I think we ought to take a vote to see if it was time to dig them up, so I yelled, "How about it, spuds?" And then I said, "Well, it looks like the 'eyes' have it!" The wife laughed so hard that she fell on her potato fork. We spend a lot of

time together now that the children are dead.

O. Gratin
Next-to-Boise, Idaho

Sirs:

Do you realize that if we didn't have Jewish men, we'd never know how silly grown-up guys look in tight leather jackets, designer jeans, and cowboy boots?

Earl Whiteguy
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Do you know where I can get a copy of *War and Peace*? And could you tell me who wrote it? I'm not sure, but it might have been Michener.

Daniel Boorstin
Librarian of Congress

Sirs:

What the heck ever happened to me? Where am I now? Do I have a new record out? Am I in the studio? Did success go to my head? Was I so embarrassed about *Sgt. Pepper* that I went into hiding? Was I just a one-record guy? And is that broad going to take away half of my money in that lawsuit?

Peter Frampton
Westchester, N.Y.



Devo's 2nd album on Warner Bros. Records and Tapes. Produced by Ken Scott for Komos Productions, Inc.

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Vacation



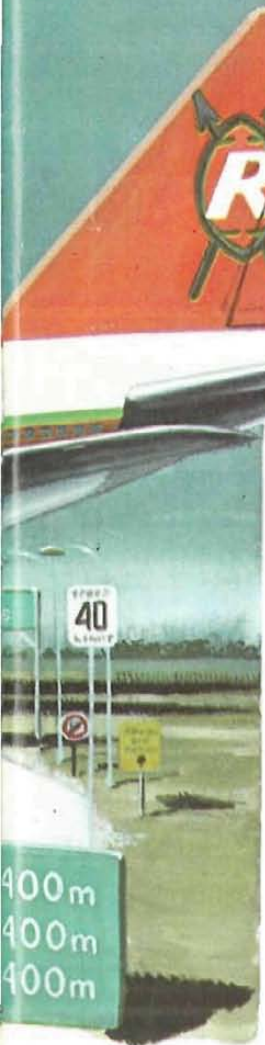
STEWARDESSES OF THE EMERGING NATIONS

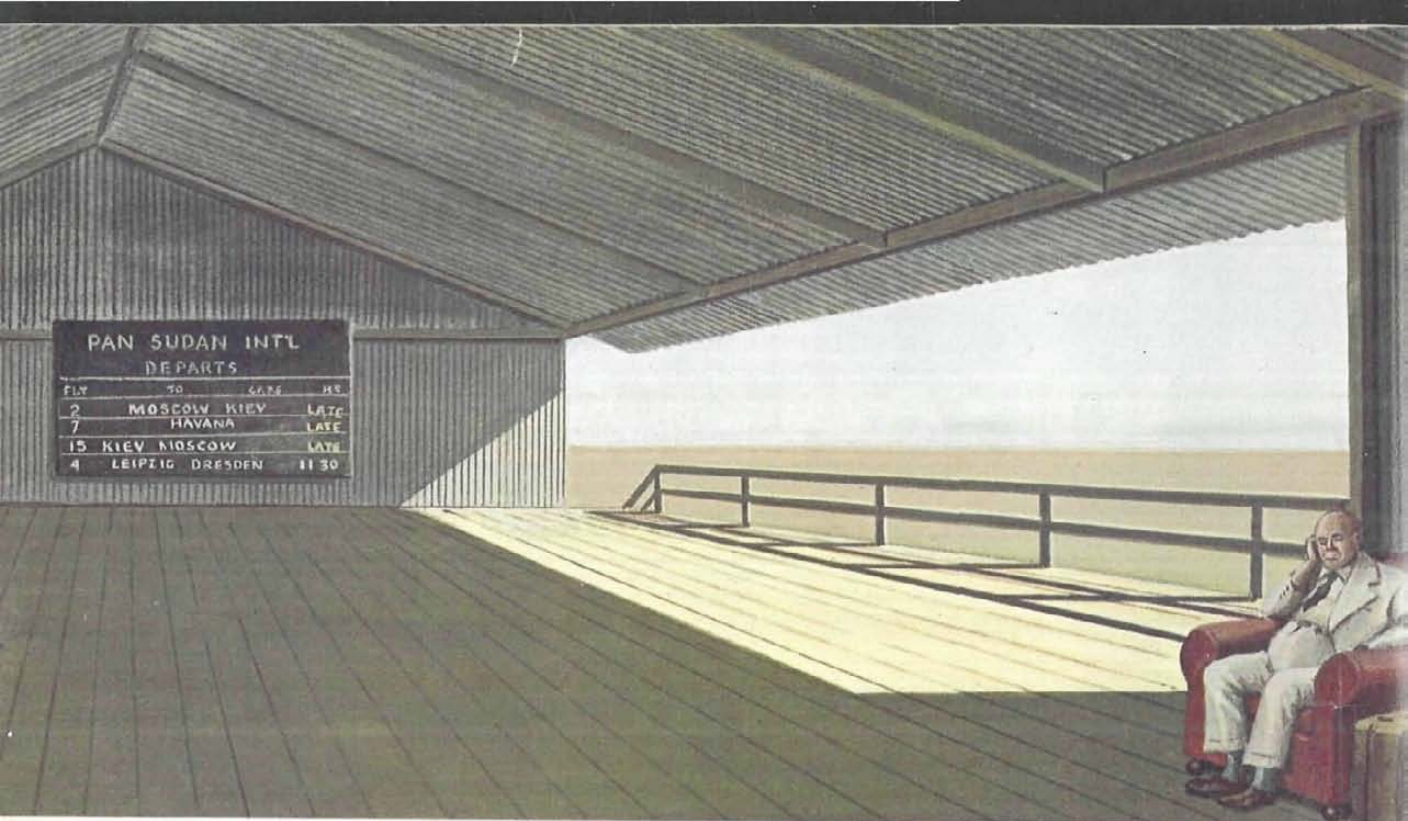
Written and illustrated by Bruce McCall



Rwandair's home terminal, near Kigali, covers forty-two square miles and features separate customs, air freight, postal, and domestic and international buildings. Flagship of the Rwandair fleet is this Boeing 747B, soon to be fitted with an advanced inertial navigation system if the World Development Bank approves Rwanda's offer of its 1980 jute crop as payment. Departing Rwandair passengers can browse in a unique outdoor duty-free shop stocked with jute sandals, jute wallets, jute coasters, and many brands of chewing gum.

Aboard Rwandair's popular Kigali-Bujumbura-Dar Es Salaam-Zomba-Lusaka-Luanda-Libreville-Douala Flight 000, linking Central Africa with itself, Chieftain Class passengers can select exotic elephant milk cocktails, served warm, or decide they aren't so thirsty after all. Above decks is the Ju-Jube Room (off limits to non-Rwandans). Tribal Class passengers are discouraged from entering the forward area by the armed steward permanently on duty; in free moments, he will gladly bring comic books or toilet paper for the smallest of gratuities.





A De Havilland Comet of Malawi Airlines' all-jet fleet no sooner becomes airborne than it reveals itself, by a slip of the adhesive paper sign, as also a De Havilland Comet of Lesotho Air's all-jet fleet. Unseen here is the Air Burundi logo beneath the Lesotho Air insignia, and the Trans-Mali sign beneath that. Each airline gets the Comet for one week per month. Earlier efforts to effect the periodic name changes with easily soluble watercolor paints were rendered a "wash-out," coinciding as they did with the monsoon season. Nevertheless, the airlines' joint witch doctor has not yet been instructed to conjure up a drought!

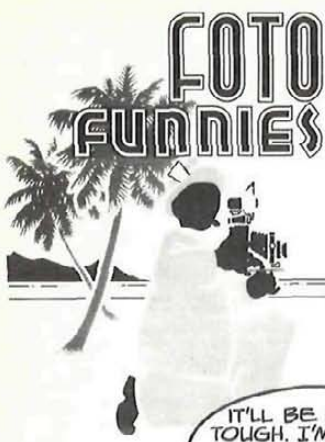




Pan Sudan International Airways' spacious VIP Lounge at Revolution of 6 January International Jetport, near Khartoum. Unique among the airlines of the emerging nations in operating no equipment of its own, Pan Sudan buses all departing passengers to the Ethiopian border, where, if papers are in order and the border is open, they can often catch transportation to Addis Ababa for connecting flights to the outside world. Still small enough to have a sense of humor, Pan Sudan recently ran a fascinating article in its in-flight magazine, *Magic Carpet*, chronicling the airline's own confusion over the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Spunce of Madison, Wisconsin, who were officially listed as "in transit" between Khartoum and Addis Ababa in July of 1971 and who still are.



All Gabon Airways stewardess Wilfred Mbonga, at your service! Wilfred, in his smart doubleknit skirt and tunic top, epitomizes All Gabon's ingenious solution to an old tribal taboo that not only forbids women to work but also forbids men to do the work of women. Dressed as a woman, Wilfred passes tribal muster; he's no longer a man, yet he's not quite a woman either. At right, we see Wilfred's hand making "motion pictures," All Gabon Airways-style, in place of an inflight movie. Short of funds? *Kikunza!* Short of ingenuity? *Ngobo bong!*



WE'RE YOUNG AND POOR. BUT WE'RE IN LOVE, AND WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED.



IT'LL BE REALLY TOUGH. I'M OUT OF WORK AND I DON'T HAVE ANY JOB SKILLS.

IT'S GOING TO BE HARD AND WE KNOW IT.

WE DON'T HAVE A CENT.

OUR FOLKS SAY WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.



PRETTY SOON WE'LL HAVE A KID.

THEN THINGS WILL BE REALLY ROUGH.

IT'S GOING TO BE AN UPHILL STRUGGLE, ALL RIGHT.

AND HOW!



IT'S SCARY, YOU KNOW....

IT SURE IS.

LET'S NOT GET MARRIED AFTER ALL.

YEAH, THE HELL WITH IT.



A PARANOID'S PROGRESS THROUGH GERMANY

A Jew Goes Back

by Rick Meyerowitz

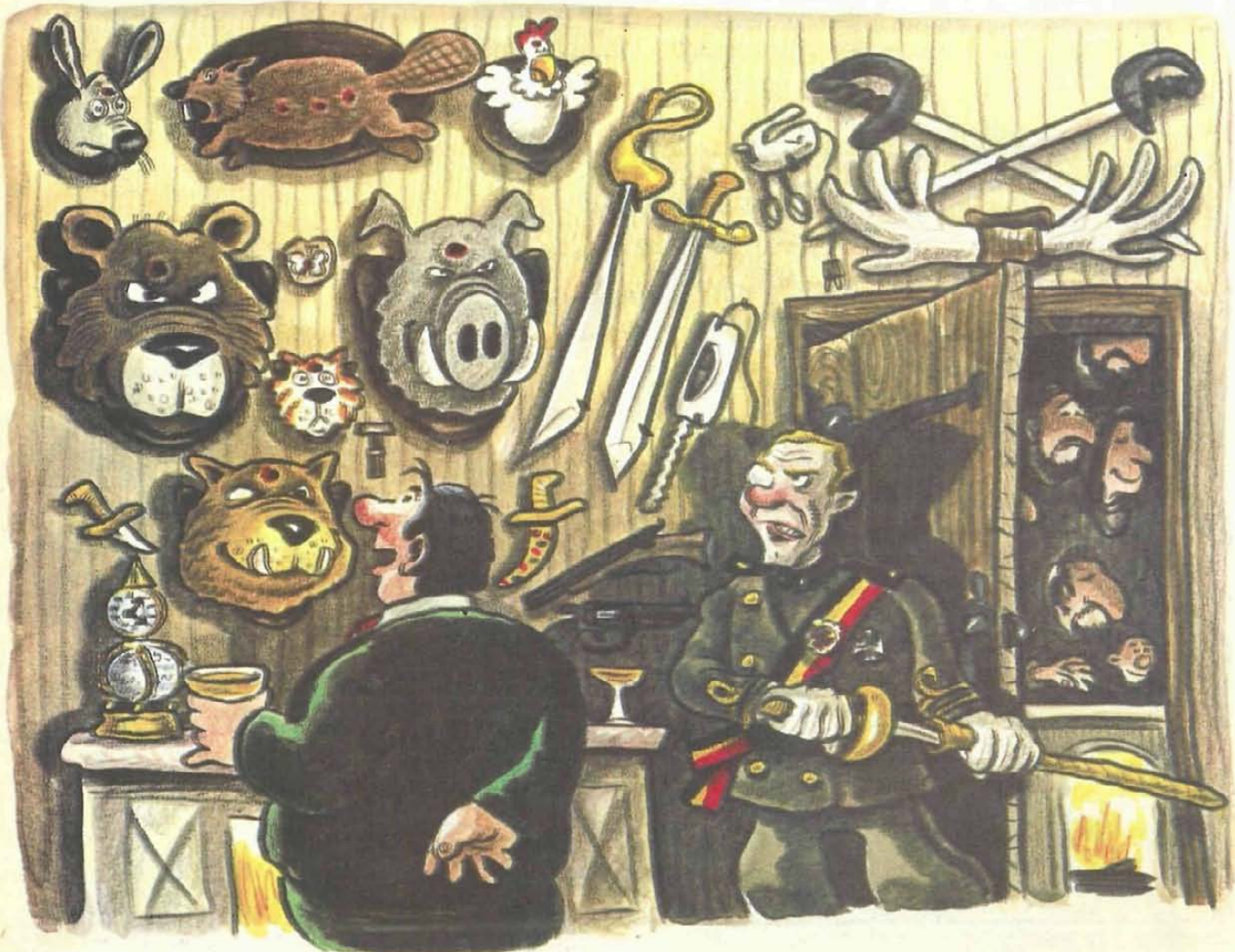
Come with our correspondent Rick Meyerowitz as he sets out to tour the land of Wittgenstein and Frankenstein. *Mach schnell!*



He says that Germans everywhere must band together to prevent the rise of Neo-Nazi groups. *Mazel tov!*

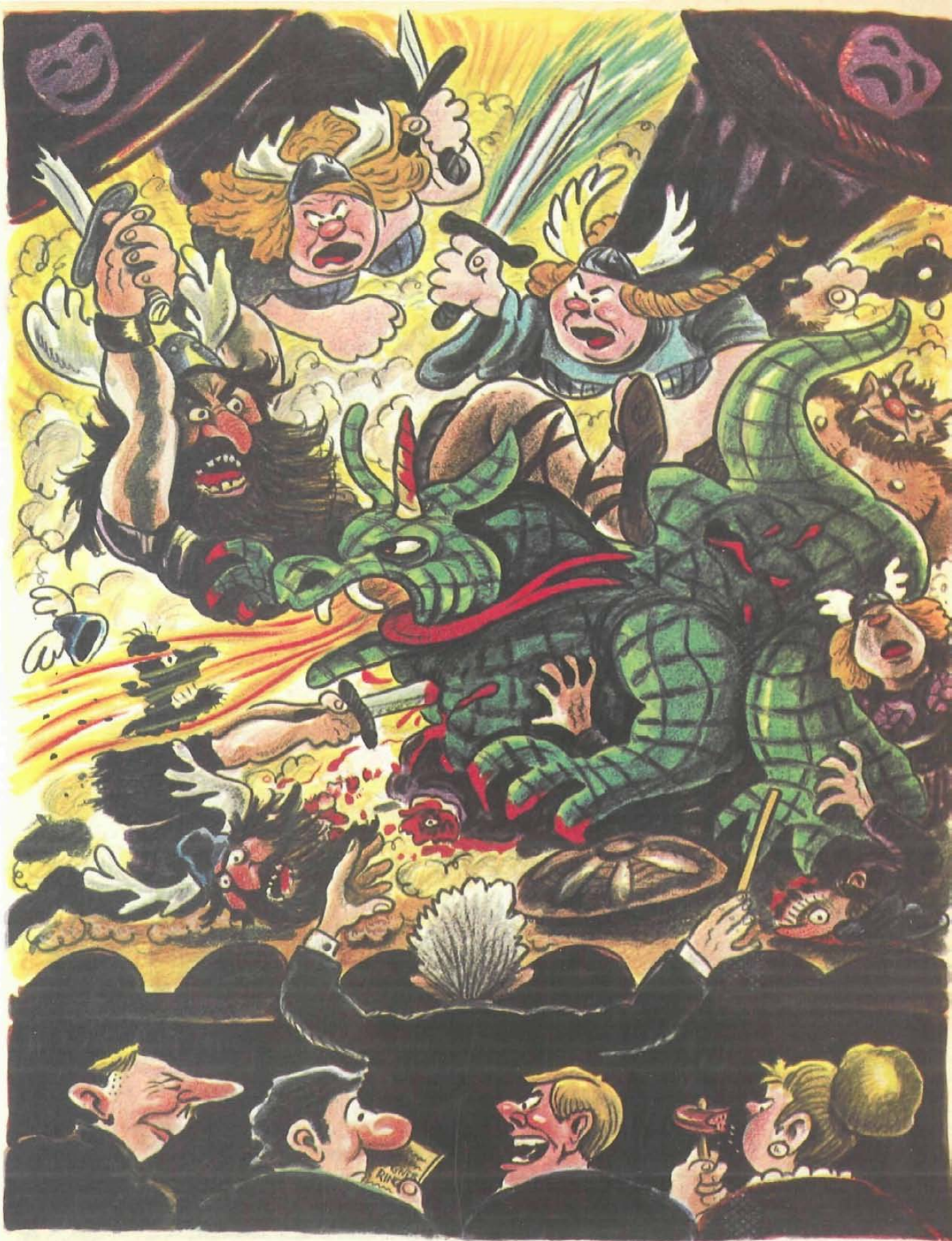


I told her what you said, and she said yes, she would go with you to your hotel, and yes, you could put your face between her breasts, and yes, a price could be arranged later, and she said not to tell you she's a man.



Dueling, Baron? Actually, we didn't much go in for dueling at B.U.

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Now that's entertainment!



We're out of souvenir beer steins and cuckoo clocks. How 'bout a little something in a lampshade?



A Connoisseur's Guide

Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe

by Gerald Sussman

Best Brothel

If Bibi's of Stockholm had a slogan, it would be "get 'em while they're hot and fresh." Let me explain.

As you all know, Swedish girls are extremely fond of sex. According to a new government survey, a normal Swedish girl has sex fourteen to twenty times a week. This is considered average. A highly-sexed girl would do about double that amount. A really sexed-up girl would have anywhere from fifty to one hundred encounters. These are the girls that Madame Bibi recruits, the kind she calls semi-nymphomaniacs. "All my girls are healthy, both physical and mental. No sick ones in the head," said Bibi. "They always get orgasm. They need much sex all the time—all kinds."

What Bibi does is deliberately withhold sex from her girls for twenty-five days of the month. She keeps constant watch over them to be sure they are celibate and do not masturbate. Then, for five days, she turns them loose, so they are truly "fresh," "hot," and unjaded. Of course, she rotates the cycle with her girls so that there is always a large selection. "I am studying also the science of biorhythm, to see if it has influence on my girls' horny cycles," said Madame Bibi, a short, trim woman with oversize harlequin-frame glasses and an oddly scholarly demeanor. The madame is

always working on new ways to keep her girls at their peak, like a botanist perfecting the ideal tomato or watermelon.

If you've got the money (about \$100 an hour), you will be doing these wondrous girls a big favor. You will actually be making them happy. In turn, they will make you happy. What more could one ask for? There is a good open bar and an excellent free smorgasbord included in the price.

Bibi's, Storensmansgatan, 24, Stockholm, Sweden. Open from noon to wee hours of the morning. Closed Mondays. All major credit cards accepted.

Best Kink Show

To the new visitor, there is no doubt that Hamburg is the kinky sex capital of the world. The St. Pauli district offers everything from seven-foot African women copulating with polar bears to seven-foot African men copulating with polar bears. In between, you can watch gorgeous German teen-agers with vaginas that have greater suction power than an industrial Electrolux. The problem with Hamburg is that it suffers from the maniacal German tradition of overkill. In that city, you soon become sexually brainwashed and numbed, no matter how novel the acts are.

On my way to the airport, I expressed

these sentiments to an English-speaking cabdriver named Johann Simon, who agreed wholeheartedly with me. Rather automatically, as experienced travelers are wont to do, I asked him if he knew of any truly worthwhile new houses of kink, something off the beaten path, even for Hamburg. I had a few hours to kill before my plane took off. As a matter of fact, he did know of a place, he said, and before I knew it, I was back in the St. Pauli section on Bergenstrasse.

He parked his cab, and we walked through a few alleys and entered what looked like the basement of an apartment building. Indeed, there was a laundry room complete with washers and dryers and cigarette and milk vending machines. A few middle-aged women in flowered housecoats and hair curlers were reading magazines, waiting for their laundry to go through its cycles. Laundry room kink? No, not here, said the cabdriver. We went down the hall to a door marked *Boiler Room*. He knocked twenty-seven times, tapping the sounds rhythmically. Obviously he knew what he was doing. The door opened and we walked past the boiler machinery, and suddenly we were in a small theater. On the stage was a pleasantly decorated bedroom. I was told we were just in time for the show:

A man and a woman enter the bedroom. They are both wearing black leather

continued



The most expensive sex club in Europe is Klub Kiss My Ass in West Berlin. The show is the most lavish, depraved, and obscene affair ever produced. No magazine, not even the *National Lampoon*, would be allowed to publish photographs of it. But most wealthy Germans feel the show is well worth it, right down to receiving the check in this most charming manner.

motorcycle outfits with tight and dangerous-looking boots. The man is in his mid-twenties, tall, blond, with the look of an arrogant German homosexual, complete with slicked-down hair and pouty lips. The woman is a little on the stocky side, with short, streaked blond hair, and a tough, mannish look. My guide, the taxi driver, whispers to me that they are a male homosexual and a lesbian.

The couple do not seem to like each other, because they begin to argue and shout. This is all done in German, but I can certainly get the drift. Something the lesbian says drives the gay male a bit crazy, and he grabs her by her short hair and throws her down on the bed. Before she can get up, he jumps on her and starts pulling her clothes off. She resists and they wrestle, falling to the floor. By the time she breaks loose, her clothes are partially off, revealing a pair of gigantic, well-shaped breasts. The lesbian begins taunting the homosexual until he feels that he has to prove something. He strips himself naked and stands in front of the lesbian with a fully erect member, which is as big as one would ever see in a sex show, or anywhere. When the lesbian sees his tool, she goes berserk with fear and tries to hide, but there is no place to go. The man then proceeds to rape her, but the idea disgusts him as much as it does her. They stage a truly realistic struggle, but the man is stronger (he is, of course, well built). He mounts the lesbian and takes her, all the while getting pummeled and beaten by her large, hamlike fists. He also administers many well-aimed blows to her body. They scream vicious, obscene curses at each other, but the screwing does not stop. At the peak of what must be called their simultaneous orgasm, it looks as if they will kill each other. As the woman screams and moans, the man summons all his strength and knocks her unconscious (or seems to). The curtain closes; the show is over. There is a round of hearty applause.

I was certainly impressed by the quality and intensity of the actors. "They are not really actors," said the cabdriver. "They are usually artists, writers, musicians, or hangers-on in that crowd, who are intensely homosexual. They hate most members of the opposite sex, and they take it out on each other in these shows, you see. They do these shows as a, how you say it, a sexual political statement. They also need the money."

"Boiler Room," *Bergenstrasse, 42 (or thereabouts), Hamburg, Germany. Knock twenty-seven times. Hours are erratic. The*

later the better. If you can't find it, look for a cabdriver named Johann Simon and mention my name.

Best Hand Job

If Warsaw had a nickname, it would be called the "city of hand jobs." Everybody in Warsaw gives hand jobs, from the oldest crone waiting on the long lines at the food stores to the sexiest, nubile maiden waiting on the same long lines.

Food is scarce in Warsaw, and the main activity for many folks is waiting on line in hopes of getting a few pounds of flour, some pork fat, and a can of ersatz coffee. And since there's not much to do while waiting, especially with your hands, the girls give hand jobs to men to keep themselves occupied.

You'll get the best hand job at the state-owned Sukarevka Market on Avenue Chopin, 27, anywhere from noon to six, because the girls have already been queuing up since the early hours of the morning and are consequently very bored and restless. First, they usually play with themselves. Then they take on about a dozen to twenty-five men. They don't charge for this service, so don't expect anything terribly romantic, but they do take pride in their work. A small tip (two or three dollars) will be greatly appreciated.

The older women say they do it to keep their hands warm on cold days. There is also a belief that semen helps keep hands soft and feminine-looking. No matter. You reap the benefits either way.

The food line at the Sukarevka Market, Avenue Chopin, 27, Warsaw, Poland. Best times: noon to six.

Best Blow Job

Not in Paris, Rome, or Hamburg. Not in any of the fabled sin cities, but in Zelinka. Zelinka is a town of 3,000 souls located about eighty miles south of Prague, Czechoslovakia.

For some reason, the females of Zelinka have bad teeth, so bad that they lose them early in life and are forced to wear dentures. While this may not look attractive when they talk, the advantages it offers for fellatio are obvious. And Zelinka women have been quick to turn a physical defect into a positive advantage. If you've never been gummed Zelinka-style, you've never been blown. It feels like a cat's tongue, only with the smoothness of sueded velvet. Or a mouth lined with chinchilla.

Most of the older ladies will also serve

you a reasonably good dinner (stuffed goose, sauerkraut, apricot pancakes) after your blow job, for only fifty crowns. All you have to do in Zelinka to get serviced is find the woman of your choice, point to your crotch, then put your finger in your mouth. Don't be bashful. You are promoting Zelinka's leading (and only) industry.

Zelinka, Czechoslovakia (eighty miles south of Prague). Any hour of the day or night.

Best New Fetish

Amsterdam was the first city to introduce the testicle clubs, and for our money it still has the best. Sometimes it's hard to analyze why some fetishes are in and others are out. Right now, in Europe, shitting into leather purses with snap tops is out, and so is horse shaving and blowing your nose into bikini panties. But testicle clubs are definitely in, and the most popular of the bunch is definitely the Apollo Club, which boasts of "129 testicles (sic) of men of many lands."

The men here range from seventeen to thirty-five, and indeed there is a veritable United Nations of genitalia. There are Nubians and ex-track stars from Kenya, blond Dutch boys, Italians, Greeks, Japanese, and a surprisingly large group from England. "The English boys on the whole are not very attractive, except for their testicles," said Kaarl Troool, the owner of the club.

Each man is carefully chosen for his perfectly-formed testicles, whether they be small, medium, or large. There are no odd shapes, nothing bizarre—simply the "ideal shape." The men wear vests or T-shirts and nothing else. Their penises are taped to the side so as not to impede the full view of their precious set, which is shaved, oiled, and perfumed. In this manner, the "models" walk among the spectators and show their prize family jewels. The background music for these promenades sets the mood perfectly—the eerie, hypnotic works of Pink Floyd, Kraftwerk, and the classical composers such as Phillip Glass and Terry Riley. The audience is allowed to touch, but not fondle or squeeze. No oral contact is allowed. The atmosphere is low-key, with murmurs of approval and gentle applause for certain favorites, much like an old-fashioned tennis match. Drinks are served by bottomless waiters, who also display nicely formed testicles. There are at least fifty models a night so that testicle fanciers never get bored.

Testicle clubs are not overtly sexual, though there is certainly an odd, erotic

continued

feeling in the air. The audience is mixed—both straights and gays, male and female. "It is the gestalt of the club that is important," said Jan Flooest, a well-to-do Biblical scholar. "There is the music, the people, the isolation of one part of the anatomy to be scrutinized and appreciated—like connoisseurs at an art gallery, we have a feeling of brotherhood."

The Apollo Club, Schillerstraat, 14, Amsterdam, Holland. Open from 9 P.M. to 3 A.M., six days. Closed Thursdays.

Best Pickup Bar

There is one bar in Paris that is the antithesis of everything you've ever heard about the French. Here the American is welcomed. In fact, you will be loved and nearly worshiped. And just about the prettiest girls in Paris are the worshipers. On the outside, you just see the word *café*. It is the kind of place that does not need a name. The cognoscenti have named it *Café Americain* because this is where American men are kings.

The story behind *Café Americain* is

simple: it's owned by Josephine DuPre, who at age fourteen was "liberated" by an entire company of American GIs in 1944, when the Allies marched into Paris. It was an ecstatic time for Josephine and she never forgot it. She fell in love with hundreds of Americans, as did many of her young friends. From that time on, Americans could do no wrong. Over the years her apartment became an unofficial hangout for many of the GIs she continued to see when they came back as tourists. In 1972 Josephine and some of her friends opened the *café* and made it official. Most of the beautiful girls who gather here are daughters of the old "liberated" bunch, and they were taught by their mamas to love Americans as well.

All the girls here look like they were cast in a Truffaut or Lelouch movie. They have that true French sense of style and they all speak near-perfect English with a charming accent. Aside from their physical beauty and open sexuality, they have a positive attitude toward life that makes them very tolerant. If you think you are physically ugly, if you have bad skin or smell unpleasant, you won't be rejected. If you are shy, they will understand and help you overcome any awkwardness without being aggressive. They want to be more than just bed-mates. They want you to have a truly memorable time with them, the kind their mothers may have had with your father.

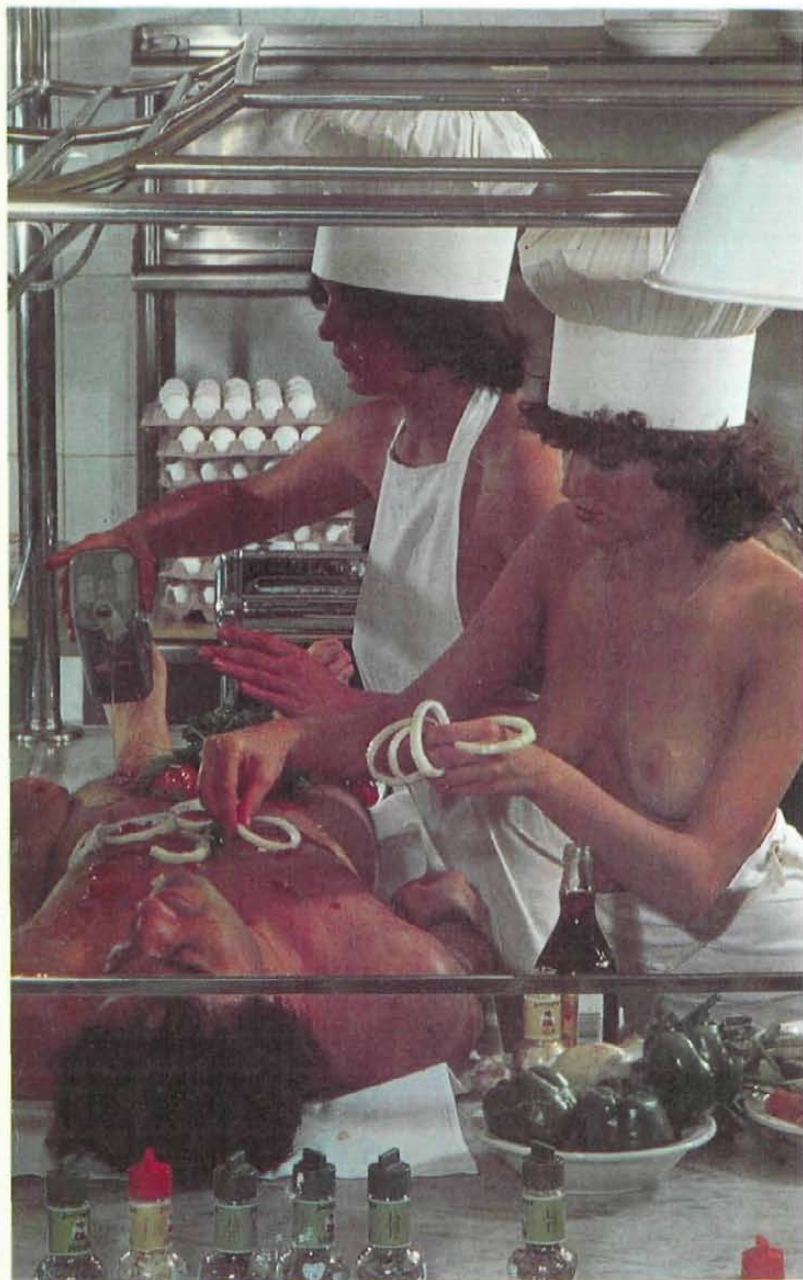
Look for Madeline, an auburn-haired beauty who works in a bookshop and is studying to be an actress; or Lisette, a dancer who can cook superb French and Chinese cuisine (dancers have voracious appetites); and Josephine's own lovely daughter, Marie-Colette.

Café, or Café Americain, 143 Avenue Racine, 19th Arrondissement, Paris, France. Open from 10 A.M. to about 3 P.M., seven days a week.

Most Expensive Fetish

In Zurich, a most discreet city, the solid burghers and well-heeled bankers like to go to the Apex Club, Friedrikstrasse, 18, a small, comfortably furnished place, where for about two thousand francs each, they pee into the insides of very expensive watches.

The Apex Club, Friedrikstrasse, 18, Zurich, Switzerland. Open from 8 P.M. to 10 P.M., Mon. through Friday. Closed weekends. No credit cards. Cash or certified checks only. □

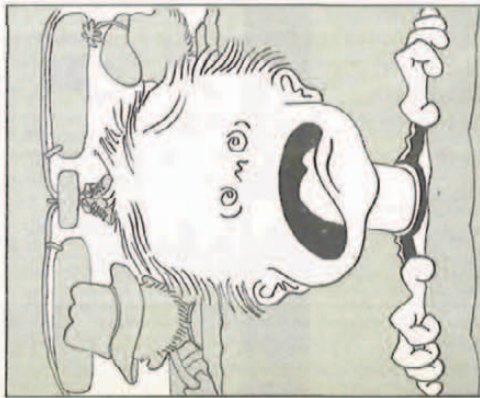


The newest thing for the bored, jaded Italian is to make believe he is being "cooked" before or after or during sex. In Rome, the Cucina clubs specialize in transforming you into your favorite dish, using lots of soothing marinades and rubbing you gently with oils, vinegars, and garlic.

Vacation Travel Then and Now

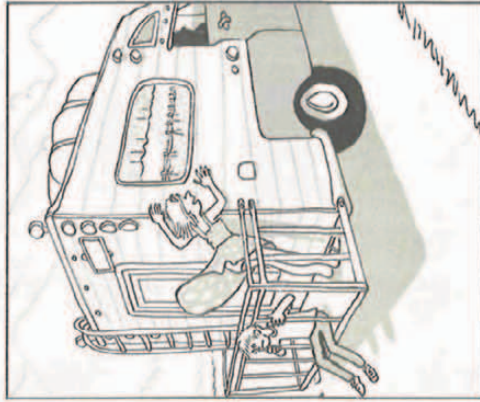
by P.J. O'Rourke and Shary Fleeniken

CHILDHOOD



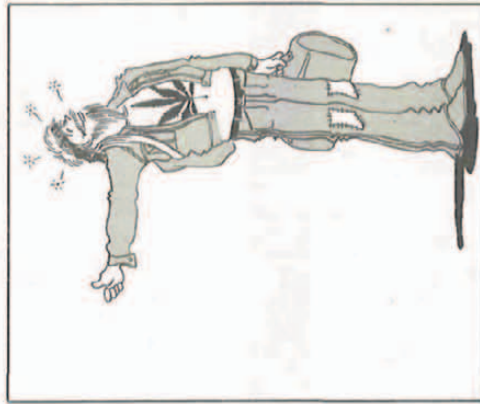
- Recurrent car sickness.
- Super-recurrent need to urinate.
- Everything that's more than fifty miles from home smells and tastes terrible.
- Behavior in back seat is maniacal in the true psychiatric sense of the term.

EARLY ADOLESCENCE



- Intense desire to be watching "77 Sunset Strip" instead of the Grand Tetons.
- Really feel like a dick for traveling around with your mom and dad in a camper.
- Frequent erections while wearing pajamas when the rest of the family is around.
- Hoping hard for a very bad traffic accident—which will definitely kill your older sister.

LATE ADOLESCENCE



- Everything is cool because, you know, everything is, like, part of everything else, and that's cool. Right?
- Unless it was STP instead of MDA in that tab that those macrobiotic food freaks layed on you about an hour ago....

ADULTHOOD



- Anxiety attacks begin as soon as you leave the office on Friday.
- Wife's mouth just hit Mach II. She couldn't have been that much of an airhead when you married her.
- Kids are walking advertisements for retroactive vasectomies.
- Here comes the customs inspector.... Oh, no!!...that joint you've had in the Dopp kit since your '75 high school reunion!!

CHILDHOOD

EARLY ADOLESCENCE

LATE ADOLESCENCE

ADULTHOOD

Where You Went

Where You Went

Where You Went

Where You Went

Where You Went

'52 Clear Lake, Ind.
'53 Clear Lake, Ind.
'54 Clear Lake, Ind.
'55 Clear Lake, Ind.
'56 Washington, D.C.
'57 Clear Lake, Ind.
'58 Clear Lake, Ind.

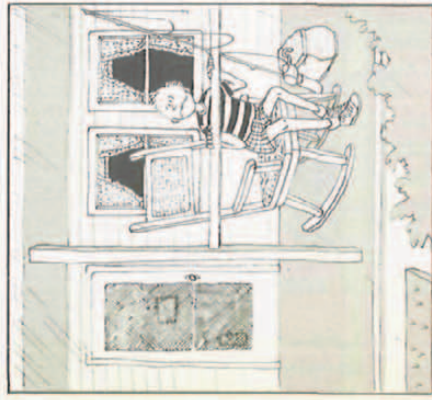
'59 Clear Lake, Ind.
'60 Clear Lake, Ind.
'61 Yosemite National Park
'62 Clear Lake, Ind.
'63 Clear Lake, Ind.
'64 Clear Lake, Ind.
'65 Clear Lake, Ind.

'66 Ft. Lauderdale
'67 Greenwich Village
'68 San Francisco
'69 Big Sur
'70 Oaxaca
'71 Ibiza
'72 Nepal

'73 Nowhere (first kid)
'74 Detroit, to see wife's mother
'75 Nowhere (second kid)
'76 Dayton, to see own mother
'77 Dayton and Detroit, to see both mothers
'78 Las Vegas
'79 Bermuda

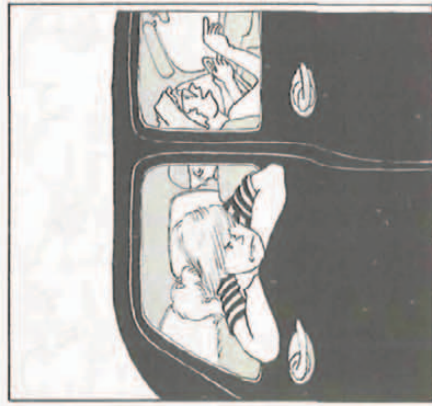
Ibiza
Ibiza
Ibiza
Ibiza
Ibiza
Las Vegas
Home

Trips You Took



Two Weeks at a Rented Cottage on Clear Lake, Ind.

Four-inch perch, poison oak, one million bugs, and well water with a rotten egg taste. Place smells like the school basement. Something makes creepy noises outside at night. It rains eleven out of fourteen days. And besides, Dad won't buy a speedboat.



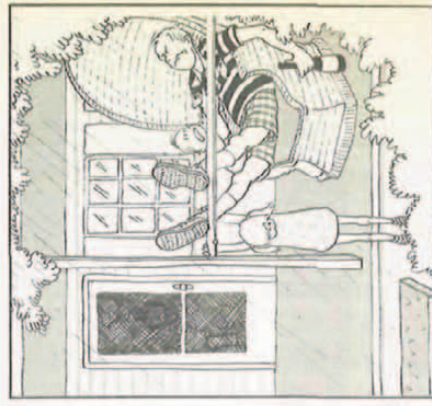
Cross-Country Camper Trip with Whole Family to Yosemite Park

Sis had her period the entire way there. Going across the desert with the sun beating down...the smell would gag a carp. No privacy, either. You think you're going to die of embarrassment watching Mom stand around with her tits hanging out. You'd never thought about it all that much before but your parents really are shitheads. The low point of your life.



Hitchhiking from Dayton to San Francisco on \$2.65

Having a pretty good time as far as you can tell, except for all the queers trying to pick you up and having that run-in with the cycle gang and getting busted and being chased by those dogs and having crabs and freak'ing out so bad on that MDA. But you're making really good time across country, that is, if this is the month that you think it is.



Two Weeks at a Rented Guest House in Hamilton, Bermuda

What's the matter with the kids, anyway? Christ, this is a beautiful place. What do you mean the water tastes funny? Look, it's just some kind of insect or something. No, we're not going to rent a sailboat today. Why don't you take a walk or something—it won't kill you to get wet. Honey, where's the vermouth?!



A Month in Disneyland

With all the tickets in the world and nobody there but you and your best friend Jimmy Buckley.



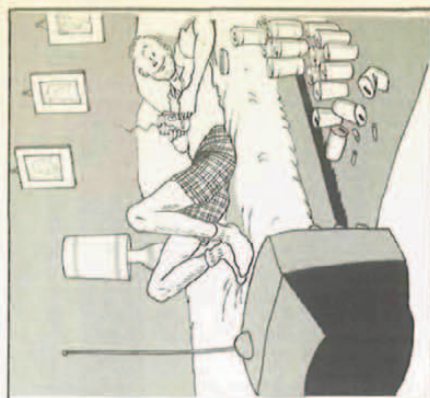
One Night Anyplace Alone with a Naked Girl

Make that a week alone with two naked girls. No, three—a red-haired one with freckles and a blond with big tits and a college girl with real, real long legs.... Better make that a month, no, two months....



A Visit to the Center of the Earth

Which turns out to be hollow, and there's this race of superior beings in there who teach you their ageless wisdom, and turn you on to drugs that make you high in nine dimensions, and you return to our outer shell of the earth with these strange powers that allow you to blah, blah, blah blah blah....



Home Alone for a Week with Absolutely Nothing to Do

And baseball, football, basketball, hockey, women's gymnastics, and PGA golf all on TV at the same time right after they've invented calorie-free alcohol and a cigarette that doesn't cause cancer or heart disease.

Personal Packing lists

Scout knife, penknife, Barrow knife, sheath knife, Swiss Army knife, genuine Marine Corps canteen, one dozen comic books, base-ball mitt, toy soldiers, flashlight, penlight, pet mouse, snorkle, diving mask, swim fins, nose plug, model boat, cowboy guns, caps, sparklers, balsawood glider, and a Magic Slate to play with in the car.

Ten dollars of own money, hidden cigarettes, razor in case beard starts to grow, rubber in case you meet a high school girl, Old Spice, and a twenty-four-inch matchete in case family is attacked by bears and you have to rescue them and hack out a shelter in the wilderness to insure their survival until the search party arrives.

Rolling papers.

Camera, lenses, flashbulbs, film, book that you'll try to read (*Albert Camus: A Biography*), book that you'll really read, (John D. MacDonald's latest), a "summer" tie, two tennis rackets, sunglasses, sunscreen ointment, Solarcaine, Dramamine, Lomotil, Maalox, Contac, Excedrin, Valium, soap, shampoo, conditioning rinse, Master Charge card, Visa card, Diner's Club card, American Express card, checkbook, extra checks, traveler's checks, cash, tickets, reservations, passports, wife, kids, and a briefcase full of stuff from the office to catch up on.

CHILDHOOD

EARLY ADOLESCENCE

LATE ADOLESCENCE

ADULTHOOD

Postcard Excerpts

dear Gramma,
We are having a good time most of the times but now we have to write every body a post card

Dear Sue,
I am having a fun time but sure wish you were here with me and Spot and Mom and Dad and Sis and everybody in the pickup camper because it sure is lonely and right now it's raining. See you as soon as I get back when I'll tell you about all the traveling I've done.

Dear Mom and Dad,
~~I spent all my money on a new pair of jeans and a new shirt. I lost my wallet. Could you please loan me a hundred dollars real soon?~~
Send it in care of the Butte, Montana, country jail because I ~~got arrested~~ have a friend who works there.

Dear Mother,
Bermuda is nice. Beth and the kids are enjoying themselves, but of course we all miss Dayton. Maybe we'll get a chance to come at Christmas, unless you're too weak, which would make the strain of having us all there very, very dangerous, and that goes double for you visiting us.

Typical Souvenirs

Hand-painted scenic plaque made from a whole slice of a real tree limb, coffee can full of rocks and clam shells, a shellacked smallmouth bass head nailed to a board by its gills, part of a deer antler, three fossils, one Indian arrow head (maybe), one pet snake, three pet tadpoles, a bird's nest, a buckeye, and a toadstool shaped like a human foot.

A postcard illustration of a girl in a skimpy nightie saying, "I can't bare being away from you," and a dozen M-80s.

The clap.

Bills for \$5,668.47.

What Was the Most Fun?

Seeing a cat that had been run over by so many cars and squashed so flat and fried so long by the sun that it could be peeled up and sailed like a pie plate. That or jumping off a porch.

Finding some Playboys in a gas station men's room that had a door that locked from the inside.

Either the blow job from the divorcee in the convertible or the Qualudes on the waterbed in the back of the Ford van with the three girls who had all that body paint and that great big bong.

Getting home.

What Was the Least Fun?

Cleaning up after picnic meals and going to bed.

Having your mother watch you put on your bathing suit and then tell your father that she thought that most boys your age had more pubic hair.

Being arrested in Butte, Montana, and given a haircut.

Paying bills for \$5,668.47.

The End

HIGHLIGHTS

MY TRIP
TO

GUATEMALA

© M.K. BROWN
1979

UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE FORGOTTEN MOST OF MY TRIP TO GUATEMALA! I DON'T REMEMBER BUYING THE TICKETS, AND I DON'T REMEMBER SELECTING MY WARDROBE!

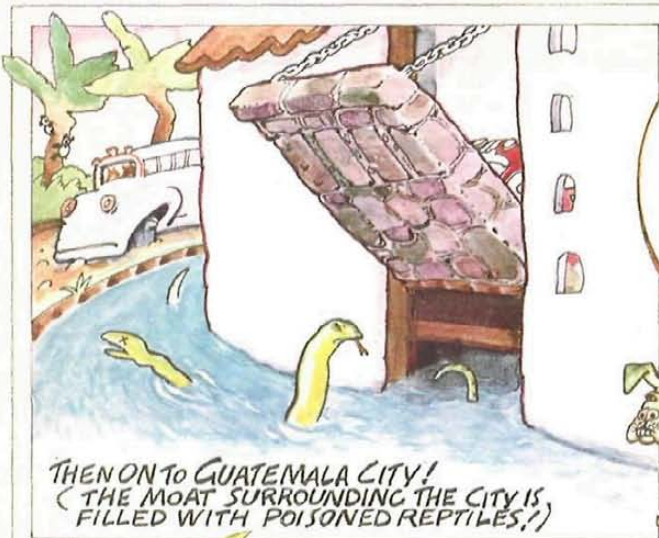
I REMEMBER JUST THE HIGHLIGHTS...

...THOSE FOUR SWISS LOOK-ALIKES ON FLIGHT #430 WHO WERE SO BUSY TALKING THEY MISSED THE FIRST VOLCANOS!

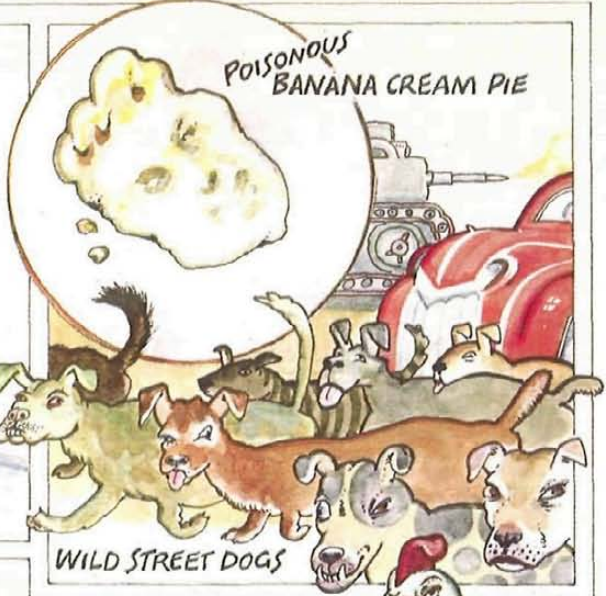
STEWARDESSES SPEAKING SPANISH

A DIFFICULT LANDING IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

TROUBLE AT THE BUS DEPOT

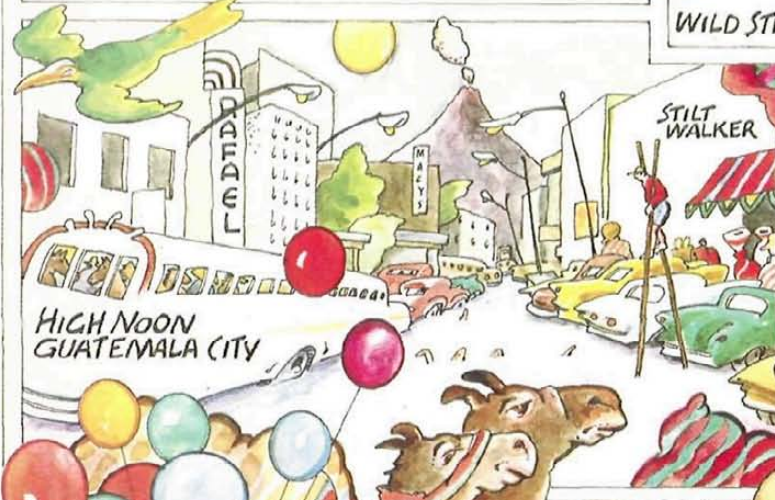


THEN ON TO GUATEMALA CITY!
(THE MOAT SURROUNDING THE CITY IS FILLED WITH POISONED REPTILES!)



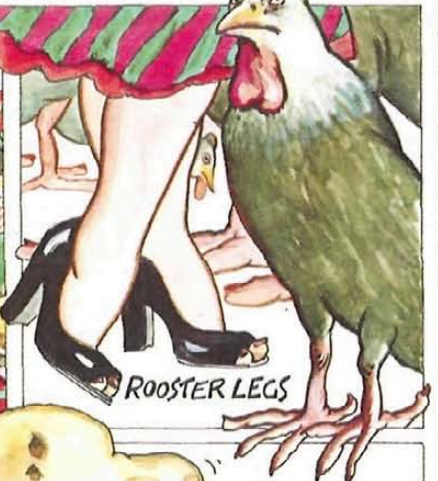
POISONOUS BANANA CREAM PIE

WILD STREET DOGS

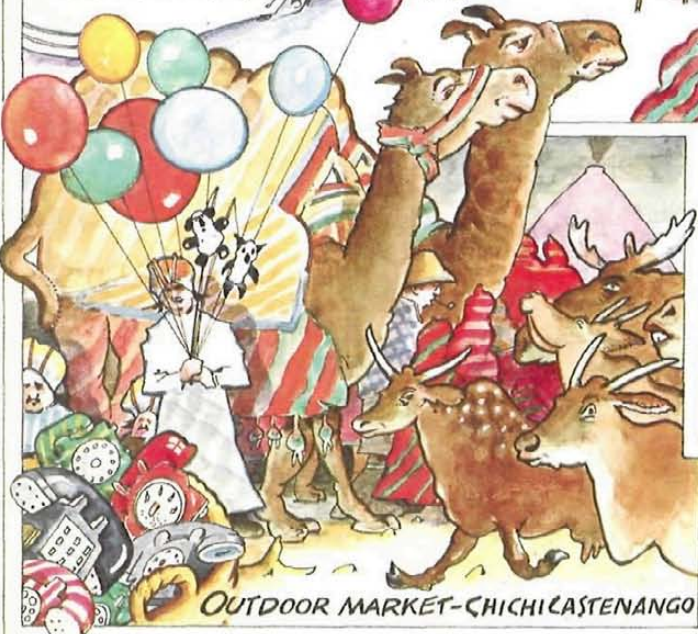


HIGH NOON
GUATEMALA CITY

STILT WALKER



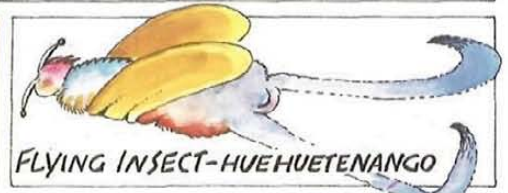
ROOSTER LEGS



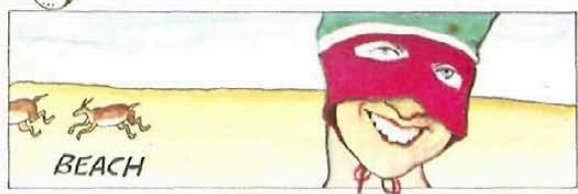
OUTDOOR MARKET-CHICHICASTENANGO



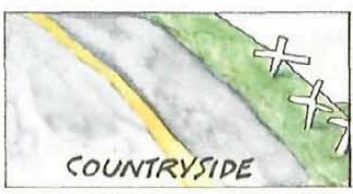
STRANGE FACE IN TORTILLA BATTER



FLYING INSECT-HUEHUETENANGO



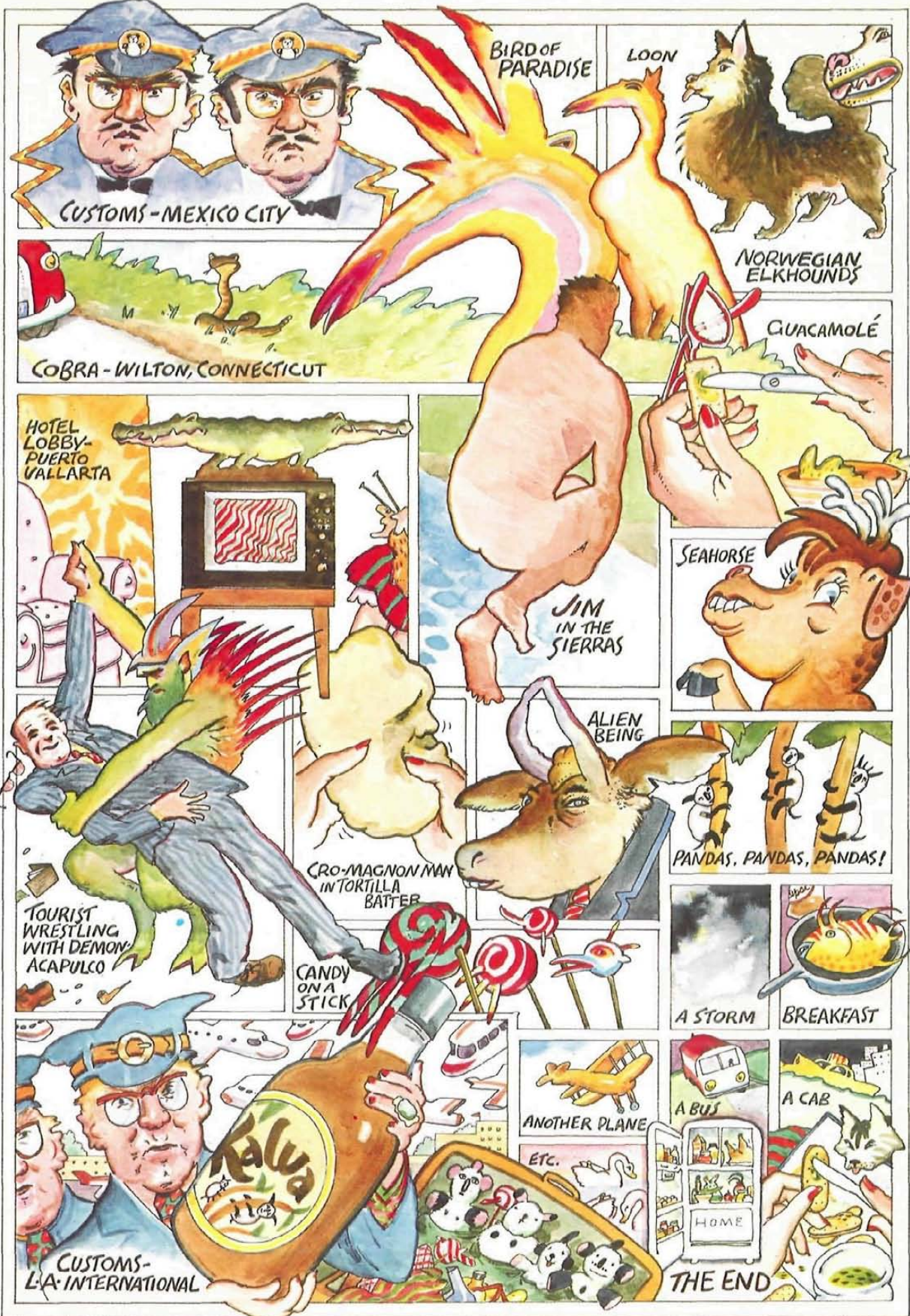
BEACH



COUNTRYSIDE



JUNGLE



THE SUMMER CAMP THAT MAKES YOU UNTRUSTWORTHY, DISLOYAL,
UNHELPFUL, UNFRIENDLY, DISCOURTEOUS, UNKIND, DISOBEDIENT,
AND VERY HILARIOUS.





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BILL MURRAY in

MEATBALLS

BILL MURRAY IN AN IVAN REITMAN FILM "MEATBALLS" STARRING HARVEY ATKIN, KATE LYNCH, RUSS BANKHAM, KRISTINE DEBELL, SARAH TORGOV, AND INTRODUCING CHRIS MAKEPEACE AS "RUDY" EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ANDRE LINK, JOHN DUNNING, PRODUCED BY DAN GOLDBERG, MUSIC BY ELMER BERNSTEIN, LYRICS BY NORMAN GINDEL, WRITTEN BY LEN BUNN, DAN GOLDBERG, JAMES ALLEN, HAROLD RAMMS, DIRECTED BY IVAN REITMAN. A PARAMOUNT RELEASE.



PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

OPENS JULY 13th AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.





A Girl's Letters Home from Europe

by Ted Mann

INDIANA AIRPORT
JUNE 30

Betsy,

Europe, I can't believe it! How I wish you could have come! Castles, bicycles with bells, men with pointy little beards, and women selling cabbages from boats right in the street! Ships in bottles, men in haciendas; there is just so much to see and so few rolls of film to see it with.

I am dashing you this quick note as I sit in the foreign flights waiting area at the airport. Johnny is standing over by the rope. (I think he is going to cry.) Aunt Lilly (my mother's sister, the one that didn't marry) has given me dozens of handkerchiefs to deliver to "old friends" that she made on her "grand tour" of Europe between the wars. She also gave me five hundred dollars, so I suppose I shall have to....

My plane leaves in fifteen minutes. I'm telling you, Betsy, that might not seem like a very long wait to you, who are staying in Indiana, but to me, who is going overseas, it seems as long as one of the foreign time zones I will soon be visiting.

In many ways, Betsy, and I mean this, I envy you staying home. I don't know what it is inside me that makes me want to fly away from all the people who love me (Johnny really is almost crying now) and risk all in a daring search for novel adventure. Please save all my letters as I may lose my copies and I want to publish my adventures as a novel when I return. Tell Johnny that I will miss him and not to cry. The loudspeaker calls us to board....

Aujuice, Amaretto,
Cindy

LONDON, ENGLAND
JULY 2

Dear Mom and Dad,
England is very much the sophisticated

country! Everyone here is very polished, but whether it is heredity or environment I will not know until I have made my conclusions. I have carefully observed the Tower of London today, Dad, and will send you a description later. For now, I just want to say it was incredible, although I did not see the Beefeaters feeding, which the tour guide said was the most incredible part of the day. I visited a very sophisticated English men's club to deliver a present for Aunt Lilly, and was shown the carpet that was over two hundred years old. I also met Sir Morton Feldstein, whom I invited to visit us if he is ever in Indiana. (I hope you do go ahead with enclosing the carport and making it a den this summer, Dad, as I told him he was welcome to stay in the left "wing.") I am going to Paris next week and will write you again from the city of night lights.

Your loving daughter,
Cindy

LONDON, ENGLAND
JULY 3

Dear Aunt Lilly,

I visited Boogers Club today and asked for Sir Lashmont Toff so that I could give him the handkerchief and your message. The porter who stood behind the peephole in the door couldn't remember him. When I told him that he had been a member between the wars, he recalled "some 'aught." He said there was a doorman at that time whom the members called Sir Lashmont because he was "rigid with gin" and "stately of bearing." I said he couldn't possibly be the one as Sir Lashmont was an old friend of yours. I left the handkerchief with the porter anyway, in case Sir Lashmont should come in. I also met Sir Morton Feldstein, a real gentleman on the steps up, and he also did not know of Sir Toff, but said there was a chance that he

continued

LETTERS FROM EUROPE

continued

had been promoted to earl or baron and would now be a lord and difficult to trace. Sir Morton sends you his regards, too.

Ta-ta,
Cindy

LONDON, ENGLAND

JULY 5

Betsy,

I have spent the last few days getting an intimate tour of London by Sir Morton Feldstein. I have seen so many restaurants, nightclubs, and posh gambling (can you believe it!) places, my mind is a smear. I am going to Paris with him tomorrow. Yesterday he bought me some lingerie for the trip. I think he is quite infatuated with me. Don't tell Johnny. I will write again from Paris.

In haste,
Cindy

PARIS, FRANCE

JULY 8

Betsy,

Sir Morton was called away from Paris today by a waiter who brought a note summoning him back to the House of Lords on urgent national business. However, even "matters of the gravest significance for our island" cannot fill the empty place left in my heart by Sir Morton Feldstein.

Love, I think, is like snow on a warm windshield—it melts and leaves you only with the sound of the car radio.* *Au-rebours, mon amour!*

I think I will leave Paris for Germany. The city has no joy for me now or a hotel room, as they are all booked. Germany may be the place for me, as the German people know what it is like to be conquered by the dashing English and to eat sausage.

Farewell,
Cindy

*P.S. I think it was the great French philosopher Volaré who said this. I translated it myself from a cocktail napkin of his sayings, which Sir Morton gave me as a *sake du keep*.

WEINERWALD, GERMANY

JULY 20

Dear Auny Lilly,

The Germans are a very nice people and not at all like they were in the war or the movies. I for one do not believe the Germans will war with us again. Not after last time, and last time II.

I always make a point of telling the Germans right up front that I went to school with Rebecca Leiberman (who is Jewish) and would have been her friend regardless of her religion or creed if she hadn't had a voice like a Hanna-Barbera cartoon duck and that funny ketone smell from eating Sizzlean. If the Germans can't accept that, who needs them? As they say here, "Let ze bygones zyglon be."

Tomorrow I am going to Disnichtwald Castle and will give the Count your handkerchief and the message. I will write soon.

Your niece,
Cindy

DISNICHT WALD CASTLE

JULY 22

Betsy,

I have the most incredible news! I only wish I could be with you to rub it in in person! I may be marrying a Count! But promise you won't say anything to anybody yet, especially Johnny.

The Count, whose name is Gottfried, is the son of an "old friend" of my Aunt Lilly's.

"Call me Gottfried," he said when we met. "Mr. Count is so formal." He has asked me to stay in the castle of Disnichtwald for an indefinite period. We have already lived together as Count and Countess, if you know what I mean, which I hope you will not tell Johnny as he would not understand it even if he knew what I meant.

The castle is three hundred rooms of drafty romance. Yesterday I went to town and bought some teal-tone self-sticking wallpaper, but find it won't stick to the rock walls. Maybe if I scrape off the lichen. The castle is supposed to be haunted by either the ghost of a gardener or the gardener himself, who was fired by the old Count (who is a bit of a doink unless you like them just this side of alive and with a habit not washing well).

Your friend,
Cindy

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

JULY 29

Dear Aunt Lilly,

I have been to the Castle of Disnichtwald and gave the handkerchief and your message "Lilly remembers" to old Count. He was most receptive of these gifts and made use of the handkerchief right away. His son, the young Count, with whom I became very friendly, told me the old Count remembered you well and had a collection of your pictures pri-

vately printed.

The young Count, Gottfried, has been called away to lance a veneer blister on an olden-days clavichord and has promised to write to me at the youth hostel in Amsterdam. He also gave me an ancient coaster with the Disnichtwald coat of arms on it. It also has the phone number of the family dentist and an appointment on the back, which will always remind me of the time we spent in each other's mouths, kissing. I'm sure I will see him again. Until then, letters letters letters.

Your affectionate niece,
Cindy

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

AUGUST 2

Mom and Dad,

Hello from Holland! I'm staying at the youth hostel here in Amsterdam, and would you believe it, there is another girl here from the Midwest! Her name is Cathy and she is from Ohio. Small world, isn't it! And charter flights are making it smaller every day. It may sound funny, but I'll bet by the time I am twenty-three that I'll know someone somewhere who either knows someone or is someone almost everywhere else in the world.

Thank you for the money, which arrived at American Express yesterday. I will be more careful in the future not to spend it.

I have, as you advised, made careful observation of the art galleries and Dutch monuments. I saw Rembrandt's *The Night Watch* and was very impressed with his overall sophistication. He must have worked very hard on his painting if the length of the lines to see it are anything to go by.

Your affectionate daughter,
Cindy

AMSTERDAM, NETHER-

NETHERLANDS

AUGUST 4

Dear Betsy,

Last night Cathy, who is from Ohio, and I stayed up all night with some provosts drinking BOLS Advocaat (which is a liqueur made from distilled omelets), smoking hash, and watching the sun come up over the canals. It later turned out not to be the sun but an orange floating by in the water, and the provosts turned out not to be provosts, who are European university teachers, but provos, who are unemployed bicycle thieves who live in tents on garbage scows. Cathy and I woke up and it smelled like we'd been

Dear Flossie,

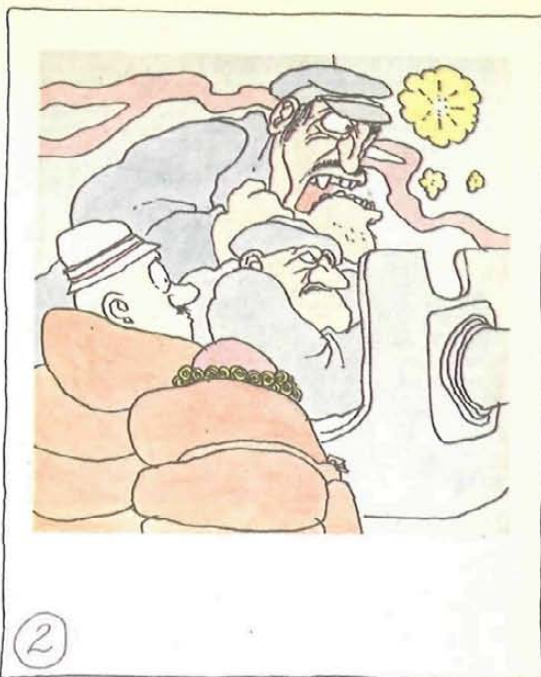
Well, I guess you and Ted have wondered what on earth became of poor Horace and me, since I'm sure no word at all could have got back considering all the exciting things that have happened. I've just been bursting to write, but there didn't seem to be any point until N'gr'k got the idea of using tchnougs to deliver this letter.

THE TRIP OF A LIFETIME

BY GAHAN WILSON



Of course, you know how thrilled we were by the ads the Kamms Von Helsing travel people had in The New Yorker, and after we got their pamphlets, poor Horace (here he is on the deck of the Sea Bitch and there's Mr. Von Helsing in the the background, talking to Captain de Sade) and I decided to quit his job and sell our house in Minnisdale so that we'd have the time and money to take their "Unknown South Pacific" tour.



We had our first lifeboat drill even before leaving New York harbor, and here's the captain giving the crew cannonade practice.



By the time we rounded the Cape of Good Hope (here's a lucky snap by poor Horace showing this nice couple from Des Moines being swept off and lost forever), a good many of the passengers were wondering why we hadn't started our tour from the West Coast.



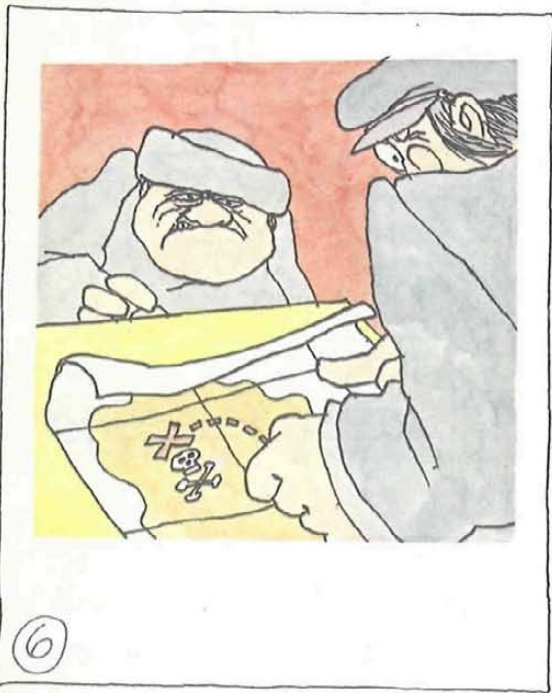
4

But even the crankiest cheered up right away when we saw what the Von Helsing folks had up their sleeves—after the dearest little ceremony during which we swore to be a “scourge and a pestilence to all,” Captain de Sade officially declared us all to be pirates!



5

On our first raid, we pillaged the quaintest and most unspoiled little island you could imagine, and laid in new supplies. Here I am with an armful of native souvenirs.



6

After poor Horace vanished among the Fiji Islands, I found this picture in the camera case, and I will always have the strongest feeling Horace's taking it had something to do with none of us ever having eyes on...



7

Imagine our shock and dismay when we found that the captain and his mate had visited this island without taking any of the customers along. I guess he and the crew had no idea how well we'd caught the adventurous Von Helsing tour spirit, because our mutiny took every-



8

It looked like the captain had run into more than he'd bargained for. My land! You never heard such screaming and dreadful language in your life! But then he was being eaten alive by ants.



9

Then the most marvellous animals came out of the jungle, better than anything shown in the pamphlets, and they began feeding on us! It was pretty exciting, I can tell you, and I was actually starting to worry about my own personal safety when dear N'gn'k showed up with his tribe and saved those of us who hadn't been devoured.



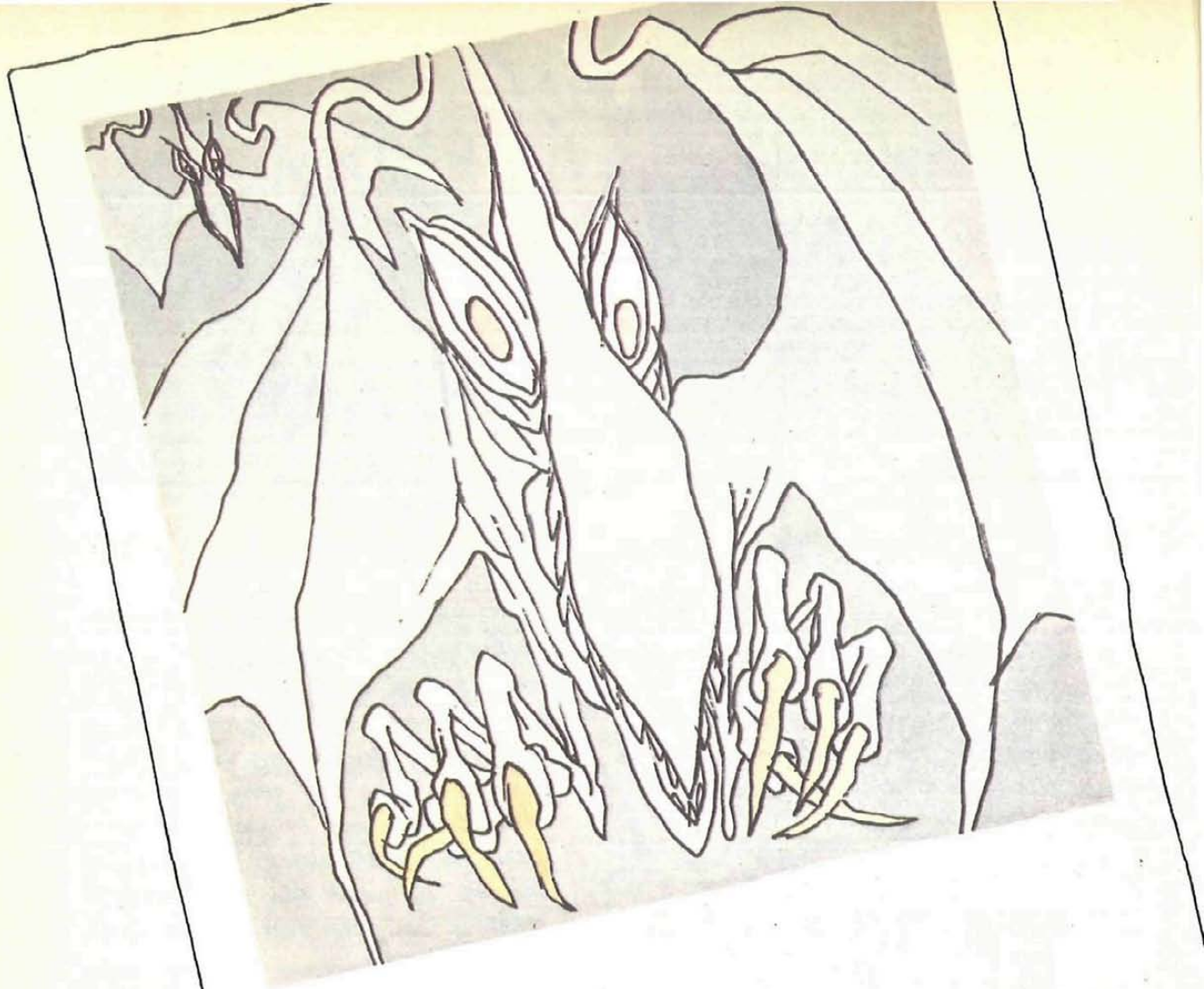
10

I had a chance to express all of our gratitude that very afternoon in dear N'gn'k's very own throne room. He is such a sweet, impetuous thing that he didn't even wait till dinner to declare me his Great White Queen. Isn't that exciting?!



11

As a formality, I had to sacrifice all the other members of the tour to N'gn'k's tribal gods, but even that, in a funny sort of way, was fun.



12

And now I've just taken a little snap of the tchnougs, which just arrived, and aren't they the prettiest things? N'gn'k says it's only going to take them about a week to get to Hinsdale and bring you and Arthur back with them. Do bring some toilet paper, Flossie, as they don't have any of it here. And that nice shampoo I like.

Love,

Mae

FOTO FUNNIES





"Negroes of the World"

**VISIT THIRTY-THREE DIFFERENT NEGRO POPULATIONS IN A CONCENTRATED, ONE HUNDRED-DAY AIR TOUR:
TOTAL APPROXIMATE FARE: \$8,430 ***

*1. Fare does not include transportation to Detroit and from Cleveland to your original point of departure, nor does it include lodging, tips, visas, taxes, tariffs, non-flight meals, and other personal expenses.

2. You will be required to obtain the following immunizations: malaria, cholera, yellow fever, and smallpox.
3. Visas, travel permits, etc., are the responsibility of the traveler—consult a travel agent

4. This is not an offer to provide, organize, or arrange a "Negroes of the World" tour, but rather, a suggested itinerary from which the reader may plan his or her own.

ARRIVE	DEPART	DAY	CITY	CARRIER	FLIGHT NO.	TIME	SEE
X		Mon	DETROIT, Mich. (Metropolitan)	Pan Am	106	6:15p	Unemployed American Negroes with high crime rate.
X		Mon	WASHINGTON, D.C. (Dulles)			7:30p	Large concentration of low-income American Negroes on government property.
	X	Tues		TWA	15	9:00a	
X		Tues	LOS ANGELES, Calif. (International)			11:40a	Negro mayor; site of large Negro riots.
	X	Wed		Air New Zealand	505	7:45p	
X		Fri	FIJI ISLANDS			5:00a	Melanesian, cane-cutting Negroes who used to be cannibals.
	X	Fri		Air New Zealand	505	6:05a	
X		Fri	SYDNEY, Australia (Kingsford Smith)			11:50a	Quasi-assimilated aboriginal Negroes with alcohol problems.
	X	Sat		Air Niugini	4	12:00p	
X		Sat	PORT MORESBY, Papua-New Guinea			5:00p	Native aboriginal Negroes who crack turtles open on rocks and eat them.
	X	Sun		Qantas	26	3:15p	
X		Sun	MELBOURNE, Australia (International)			6:05p	More city aborigines.
	X	Mon		Trans Australia Airlines	534	8:00a	
X		Mon	NOUMEA, New Caledonia			2:55p	Volcanic island Negroes bred from Melanesian and nineteenth century French criminal stock.
	X	Mon		Qantas	92	4:30p	
X		Mon	SYDNEY, Australia (Kingsford Smith)			6:25p	(Free day, shopping, etc.)
	X	Wed		Qantas	729	5:00p	
X		Wed	JAKARTA, Indonesia (Halim International)			8:50p	Negroes who believe dreams, bauxite, and sandalwood are alive.
	X	Thur		Garuda Airlines	180	6:30a	
X		Thur	MEDAN, Sumatra			8:30a	Tropical Negroes who live in swamps.
	X	Fri		Garuda Airlines	203	11:15a	
X		Fri	JAKARTA, Indonesia (Halim International)			1:20p	(Free day, shopping.)
	X	Sat		Garuda Airlines	546	6:15a	
X		Sat	BALIKPAPAN, Borneo			9:15a	Headhunting Dyak Negroes.
	X	Sun		Garuda Airlines	547	9:40a	
X		Sun	JAKARTA, Indonesia			10:35a	(Free day, shopping.)
	X	Wed		Qantas	732	10:15p	
X		Wed	SYDNEY, Australia (Kingsford Smith)			10:20p	(Free day, tour aboriginal bars and restaurants.)
	X	Fri		Qantas	3	8:30p	
X		Fri	SAN FRANCISCO, Calif. (International)			6:20p	Pronounced homosexual Negroes.
	X	Sat		(Helicopter shuttle)		9:00p	
X		Sat	OAKLAND, Calif.			9:10p	Poor, American Negroes who murder police.
	X	Sun		TWA	266/ 468	11:15p	
X		Mon	NEW YORK, N.Y. (La Guardia)			10:02a	Site of Harlem, major Negro ghetto.
	X	Tues	(Kennedy)	Pan Am	227	3:00p	

	ARRIVE	DEPART	DAY	CITY	CARRIER	FLIGHT NO.	TIME	SEE
X			Tues	PORT OF SPAIN, Trinidad-Tobago			8:40p	Negroes with British accents.
	X		Wed		Pan Am	227	9:30p	
X			Wed	GEORGETOWN, Guyana			11:30p	Diseased bush Negroes, descended from runaway slaves.
	X		Fri		British Airways	254	9:05p	
X			Fri	BRIDGETOWN, Barbados			11:40p	Beach Negroes.
	X		Tues		British Airways	250	9:50p	
X			Wed	LONDON, England (Heathrow)			12:35p	Aggregate of malcontented Negro emigrés from the old Commonwealth.
	X		Sun		Kenya Airways	715	6:30p	
X			Mon	MOMBASSA, Kenya			9:30a	Mau Maus and other Negroes in shorts and pith helmets.
	X		Sun		Kenya Airways	745	12:10p	
X			Sun	VICTORIA, Seychelles			3:45p	French-speaking Negroes who harvest guano.
	X		Sat		British Airways	069	7:30a	
X			Sat	PORT LOUIS, Mauritius (Plaisance)			10:55a	Catholic Negroes.
	X		Wed		Lufthansa	535	8:00p	
X			Wed	DAR ES SALAAM, Tanzania (International)			10:25p	Swahili-speaking Bantu Negroes engaged in producing the world's largest sisal hemp crop.
	X		Thur		British Airways	059	10:00a	
X			Thur	BLANTYRE, Malawi			10:40a	Primitive Negroes living on top of radioactive mineral deposits.
	X		Fri		British Airways	058	5:40p	
X			Fri	DAR ES SALAAM, Tanzania (International)			8:20p	(Free day, shopping.)
	X		Wed		British Airways	064	11:45a	
X			Wed	ADDIS ABABA, Ethiopia (Bole International)			2:20p	Coptic Negroes who live in large mountain ranges and are frequently hungry.
	X		Tues		Cameroon Airlines	801	8:15a	
X			Tues	BUJUMBURA, Burundi			11:25a	Coffee-farming Watusi Negroes.
	X		Tues		Cameroon Airlines	801	12:10p	
X			Tues	DOUALA, Cameroon			4:00p	Cocoa-farming Negroes who make no distinction between animate and inanimate objects.
	X		Mon		Cameroon Airlines	800	6:00a	
X			Mon	KINSHASA, Zaire (N'Djili)			7:50a	Pygmy Negroes.
	X		Wed		Aeroflot	424	9:30a	
X			Wed	BAMAKO, Mali			11:25a	Salt-mining Negroes.
	X		Tues		Aeroflot	423	8:00a	
X			Tues	ACCRA, Ghana (Kotoka)			11:00a	Ga and Dogamba Negroes who are familiar with Shirley Temple.
	X		Tues		Air Afrique	24	8:10a	
X			Tues	ABIDJAN, Ivory Coast (Port Bouet)			9:00a	Negro tribespeople with French surnames and first names like Felix and Maurice.
	X		Sun		Transporteur U.T.A	868	9:15a	
X			Sun	OUGADOUGOU, Upper Volta			10:30a	Bobo Negroes.
	X		Mon		Transporteur U.T.A	831	2:40p	
X			Mon	LOMÉ, Togo			3:55p	Negro politicians with names like Sylvanus Olympio and Nicolas Grunitzky.
	X		Sun		Air Afrique	25	6:45p	
X			Sun	ABIDJAN, Ivory Coast (Port Bouet)			7:45p	(Free day, shopping.)
	X		Sat		South African Airways	229	2:30a	
X			Sat	JOHANNESBURG, South Africa (Jan Smuts)			10:20a	Zulu Negroes who sort gravel.
	X		Tues		South African Airways	203	7:30p	
X			Wed	NEW YORK, N.Y. (Kennedy)			6:45a	(Free day, shopping.)
	X		Wed		TWA	703	5:40p	
X			Wed	CLEVELAND, Ohio			7:15p	Inner-city American Negroes in an iron ore setting.

Talking to the Natives

Compiled by Susan Hoffman

A number of companies publish manuals containing phrases they anticipate will be most useful in foreign travel. Here are excerpts from a few of them.

Serbo-Croatian Phrase-book, Ellis, St. Paul's House, London 1973:

Would you like to see a good animal film?
Do you do physical jerks in the morning?
He was up against the ropes, so he threw up the sponge.
I should like to ascend the glacier tomorrow morning.
I want an edition of *Ivo Andrić* in two volumes.
Did you ever take part in an air raid?
I must pay my insurance policy.
He was a war profiteer, and made his money on the black market.
What is the horsepower of your car?

Swahili for Travelers, Editions Berlitz S.A., Lausanne 1974:

Keep your hands to yourself.
Portuguese for Travelers, Editions Berlitz S.A., Lausanne 1972:
Can we park our caravan here?

Modern Greek in a Nutshell, Pappageotes & Emmanuel, Institute for Language Study, Montclair, N.J. 1961:

I have never gone bankrupt.
German in a Nutshell, Regensteiner, Institute for Language Study, Montclair, N.J. 1958:

I want a crew cut.
Travelers' Foreign Phrase Book, Kettridge, George Rutledge & Sons, Ltd., London 1945:

Are avalanches to be feared?
Mind that snowdrift!
Is it advisable to provide oneself with fancy dress for fancy dress balls?
I am subject to air sickness.
Have you a remedy which will secure me against indisposition?
My car has received a bad shock in a head-on collision.
I have a good mind to have a sun bath.

Is there in this place a dealer in fishing requisites?

Easy Vietnamese, Nguyen-Dinh-Hoa, Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutledge, Vt., and Tokyo 1967:

Don't shoot!
Take cover!
Are they enemies?
Surrender!
Obey or I'll fire!
Mrs. H is having a hemorrhage.
My mother is dead.
Where can I find a water buffalo?

Russian in a Nutshell, Institute for Language Study, Montclair, N.J. 1961:

Do they have this new method of exhibition in all museums?
I want to visit an automobile factory.
Why is my film always scratched?

Getting Along in Russian, Pei & Nekandov, Harper & Bros., N.Y. 1959:

There are mosquitoes on the ceiling.
Please spray.
I want one made of rubber.
What an awful dump!

Midget Dictionary, English-German, Burgess & Bowes Ltd., London 1964:

What year is this?
I have a cold in my head and toothache.
Let us shelter.
It blows a storm.
Stop, I want to alight.
Give me also an india-rubber, some cream-laid note paper and envelopes.
Where is my rug?
Have you found your sea legs?
I pity you.
To make an April fool.

German Phrasebook, Hitchen & Norman, Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, England 1978:

I can't sleep under a continental quilt.
You're hurting me.

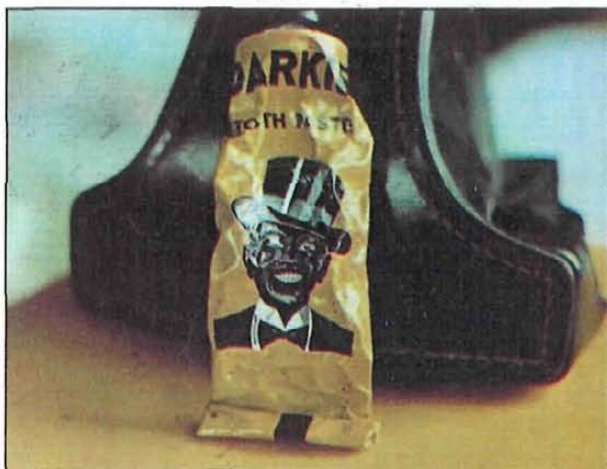
What Your Sign?

Oriental culture is supposedly the oldest and most established on earth, yet appears to have adapted nicely to convention bureaus, Negroes, and Jimmy Carter.



Colombo, Sri Lanka

Fred R. LaRoque, Jr.



Taipei, Taiwan. "Darkie" also markets toilet paper and shoe polish.

Michelle Foster-Laube



Taipei, Taiwan. Ad reads: "Black teeth become white quickly or your money back."

Michelle Foster-Laube

LET'S WENT TO MEXICO

Land Where Poverty and Corruption Come Together
in a Fiesta of Beat-up Formica Dinettes

by D.H. Pickering

Did you ever take Spanish from one of those lady teachers who actually liked to get into the spirit of being a Mexican? She'd show up in a happy-colored serape and force the class to participate in gay and embarrassingly affected Mexican conversations, because Mexicans are such gay and embarrassingly affected individuals. Spanish textbooks operated from about the same mentality: "*Louisa and Lupita rode the autobús to the biblioteca, where they met Paco and Esteban, so they all could go shopping at the mercado.*" The book never bothered to mention the twelve dozen hog esophagi and appended guts displayed for sale in the market next to a pile of rusty transformers and 75,000 romance comics.

Love comics are very important in Mexico. Mexicans pour through them like pulp-starved dogs in order to fluff up their miserable existences, just as \$11,200-a-year Spanish teachers trail off into an imaginary world of sleepy, care-free beaners to escape the depression and futility of their own.

In truth, Mexico is a sprawling junkyard, inhabited by sixty million semi-Indian fuck-ups who will ply all manner of damaged machinery, bacteria, and ineptitude to shred your health and patience like an immense Latin cheese grater. There is no good reason for anyone to visit Mexico, and most people wouldn't if it were not one of the few countries on earth where American tourists can be as pushy, destructive, and arrogant as they like without risking much trouble. In their own clumsy way, Mexicans genuinely worship us. They regard us as an advanced and privileged super race, and for that reason expect, and moreover appreciate, a swaggering, surly crust from the moment we cross the border.

So come along, won't you....Let's went to Mexico!



"Here is your codeine cough medicines, señor," says one of the thousands of cheerful youngsters who staff Mexico's bountiful pharmacies.

DAY 1. Ciudad Aguajuana San Nogolabámbo (Pop. 50,000). This horribly squalid community is located on the Mexico-California border eighty-five miles from El Centro, and functions as a major port of entry. The city is known primarily for its seashell and distributor cap sculptures, called *automariscos*, made by Xaxtluc Indians from nearby Los Hielados. These Indians are direct descendants of the great civilization of Ixtlules, who developed the first vapor-compression refrigeration system in approximately 3,050 B.C.

Nogolabámbo is comprised of three vague districts: shopping, whore, and pharmacy. There are over 1,500 stores in the shopping area, selling the usual assortment of painted leather purses, bongos, embroidered blouses, and plaster burros. Shopkeepers like to bargain with you, but don't bother. Instead, call out loudly and clearly the price you would like to pay. If the clerk refuses to sell at that price, break the item on the counter, pick up another one, and repeat your offer. Although the clerk will eventually give in, some experienced shoppers save time by merely shoplifting the merchandise they like. This technique is generally quite easy since Mexican rules of etiquette prohibit harassing guests in their country, and more importantly, American citizens are immune from prosecution under Mexican law. You may have thought otherwise after hearing all of the scandalous publicity about U.S. dope smugglers rotting in Mexican jails, but those stories are phony. If you are an American, the Mexican cops can't touch you—and they know it.

Another way to obtain goods cheaply is to take advantage of certain peculiarities in the Mexican monetary system. Smaller merchants frequently make change with Chiclets gum when they owe you less than a few centavos, since at their present valuation of \$.00045, the government no longer bothers to mint

centavos. You have the right by law, however, to demand Trident, Bubble Yum, candy, or even small pastries if you do not like Chiclets; and if the cashier cannot produce what you like, he forfeits the entire purchase price. A seasoned traveler I know always demands his change in treacle, thereby saving himself many thousands of dollars over the years.

Candy, being legal tender, can be a fun way to pay for things, too. (See basic conversion table below.)

Nogolabámbo's whore section is much like its counterpart in other border towns; the fare consisting primarily of lumpy, unimmunized piglets on the



Xaxtluc automarisco sculpture of President John F. Kennedy is one of the most popular items in Nogolabámbo's large shopping district.

threshold of their post-adolescent starch explosion. Zoologists have isolated a latent "starch bomb," as it were, in the Mexican female that literally detonates fatty abdominal cells within thirty-one days after her twenty-fourth

birthday.

Most whores work out of the Club Nebraska and the Rancho Jet Engine. As you walk in the door, one of the girls will cup your groin, then lead you down a hall to a tiny, dirty bedroom. You'll probably notice a number of religious articles on her dresser and walls—these are there for you to smash and throw around the room if you are dissatisfied with the performance.

Experienced travelers tell me the whores love to be threatened with broken bottles. "More rough, less pay," is a familiar utterance from girls like Conchita Calzone at the Club Jimi-Jimi Astronaut, who would rather you whack her with a gun barrel and torch the bed than be sullied by a "Goddamn, chickenshit, fucking ten dollars."

Small boys with forty-year-old heads and stained T-shirts wander the streets hawking donkey-sister beastiality acts, nude stage shows during which the stars shove lit cigars and shoes up their vaginas, and various other amusements. By all means, go. These events are held at the enormous Plaza del Púntas, perhaps the most habitable structure in all of Nogolabámbo. The arena seats eighteen thousand, and tickets cost anywhere from two to four dollars, depending on the time of year. The official donkey show season runs from May through September, when the best donkeys are brought up from vast burro ranches in Sinaloa and Nayarit, and are matched with the country's most daring sisters of street vendors. Pitched chants of "*Púnta! Púnta! Púnta!*" evince the crowd's truly emotional attachment to this traditional and distinctly Mexican event.

You'll not want to miss the pharmacy district, because it's where you will find superb bargains, such as codeine cough syrup at the *Pharmácia Gloria* on Avenida Eleventh of November. Just say, "*Mércodol con codeína, por favor*" to the ingenious little twelve-year-olds behind the counter, and grin like a kid yourself as the obliging tykes hand over every bottle on the shelf—more opiates than Howard Hughes saw in a week—for about twenty-five cents an ounce. Even though I don't need them, I usually purchase a yard or two of jute and a Super Bim vinyl space hat to take the purely brazen edge off the transaction. Other drugs can be difficult to get without a *receta* (prescription), unless, of course, you choose to steal them or pull the Chiclets routine.

A friend of mine who has been to Mexico many times tells me he likes to knock back his four-ounce bottle of syrup right in the pharmacy, while other

BASIC CONVERSION TABLE

	COST			
	CHICLETS	BUBBLE YUM	MALTED MILK BALLS*	CHUCKLES
LUXURY HOTEL ROOM	154,000	77,000	99,450	37,500
WHORE	51,350	25,550	33,150	12,500
DONATION TO BEGGAR	770	370	490	160
BOX OF CHICLETS	21	10	13	5

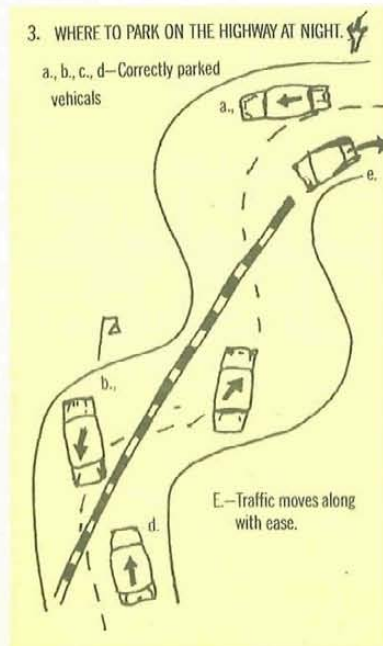
*Not acceptable in Guerrero, Tobasco, or Guatemalan frontier.

visitors prefer the convenience of a bar or restaurant, where they can order several dozen lime, Squirt, Bohemia, tequila, Coke, fruit juice, and sugar cookie chasers. Whatever the case, be sure to drink the stuff by nightfall and get on the road, because there is no acceptable hotel in Nogolabámpo.

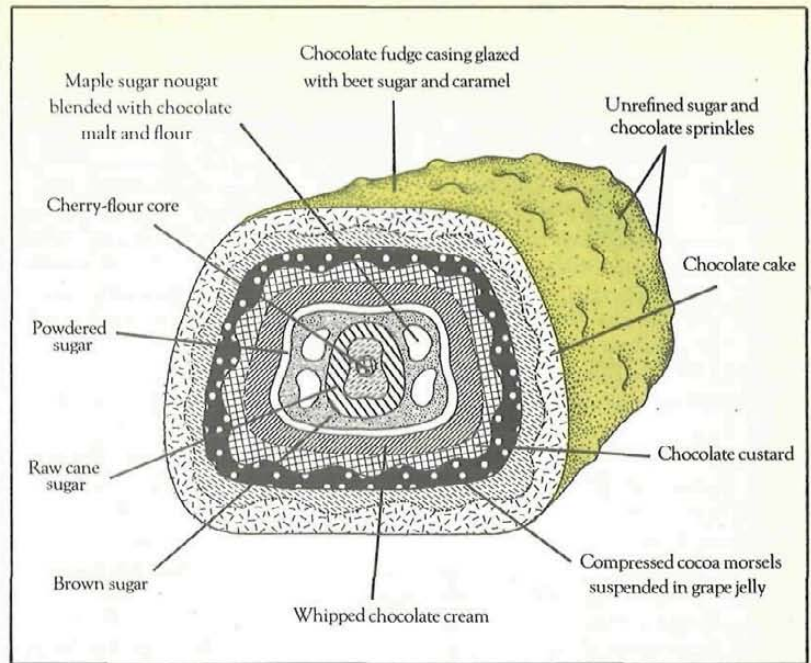
The first rule of hotels in Mexico is: hermetically seal yourself in a sterile, American-owned fortress whenever possible, unless you want to spend the night among hacking, coughing Mexicans in a fetor of curdling baby formula and Pine Sol.

Historical Note: In order to land a big disinfectant supply contract, the Pine Sol Company conspired to let Mexican scientists stumble onto scented germ killers in a rigged laboratory experiment fifteen years ago. Mexicans were about as amazed at the prospect of poisoning evil, microscopic enemies as we were by the atomic bomb. They now view their use of Pine Sol as a highly sophisticated, "twentieth century" act, and for this reason, all surfaces in all public buildings, halls, buses, hotels, etc., are drenched with a total of 250,000 acre-feet of Pine Sol per day. The result has been slightly positive, however. Bacteria contained in bugs the size of your face, and half-dead dogs the bugs won't eat are more than sufficient to keep the population sick and listless for the remainder of the century.

Another reason for leaving Nogo-



Page from English-language Mexican driver's manual illustrates correct parking procedures on highway at night. Manual is available at most Pemex stations and hotels.



Cross section of a Penguin, Mexico's largest-selling snack cake. Penguins are five inches long and weigh approximately two pounds.

labámpo at sunset is that Mexican highway conditions improve markedly after dark. Courtesy-conscious Mexican drivers ordinarily park at night so that those cars without headlights may have an opportunity to drive under less congested, and therefore safer conditions. A Mexican will always park in his own lane, or at a slight angle, straddling the center stripe if he is on a sharp curve. It is important to be familiar with Mexican nighttime parking practices so you will be able to take full advantage of this substantial lull in moving traffic.

DAY 2. Cháxtlátque (Pop. 2,200) and Cháxtlec Indian Ruins. Now a crude assemblage of mesquite huts and rusty Orange Crush signs, Cháxtlátque was once controlled by the greatest and most advanced Indian civilization in Mexico—the awesome Cháxtlecs. Massive ruins of their cities and palaces sweep through broad, shallow valleys to the north and southwest, quietly deteriorating in the shadow of King Mitzátlan's 2,800-foot hydroelectric dam built 2,200 years ago across the now-dry Teotek River.

When first discovered by the Spaniards in 1593, the Cháxtlecs operated a complete network of diesel-powered trains connecting every part of their territory. Recent evidence shows the Cháxtlecs were vulcanizing rubber before the time of the Egyptian pyramids; and as early as 1,800 B.C., Cháxtlec military researchers had perfected over-the-horizon radar, capable of detecting an invading force thousands of miles away.

There are still plenty of magnificent

relics strewn among the ruins, which the Mexicans try to protect by hanging bright yellow signs warning people to stay away. Naturally, the Mexicans do stay away, leaving the area wide open for you. I recommend toppling a thirty-foot blue marble statue off the ancient, thirty-two story Tóchtaxta stock exchange building for a remarkably gratifying crash and dust cloud. Veteran travelers advise me that another worthwhile entertainment lies in placing Second Dynasty burial urns at the base of the Mitzátan dam, then "bombing" them from the top with propane tanks from a Mexican government fuel depot just across the river bed.

Today, inhabitants of Cháxtlátque lead a coarse and fly-blown existence, surviving principally by harvesting the pulpy heart of the Tleguey cactus, which, when pulverized and dried, becomes the base ingredient for *Penguinos* (Mexico's largest-selling snack cake) and several related pastry goods. Because these products comprise over half of the Mexican diet, a closer look at them is highly instructive. (See illustration.)

DAY 3. San Esubio Navidad (Pop. 170,000). An overnight drive from Piña Batida, Navidad, is a wretched cluster of stucco incinerators, where temperatures range from 110 to 140 degrees ten months of the year, accompanied by ceaseless westerly winds and violent earthquakes, which have opened mile-long crevices throughout the city. Fumes from a nearby fish rendering plant permeate everything with an oily stink, and have

continued

apparently influenced local citizens, most of whom are employed at the plant, to incorporate fish and fish products into every facet of their lives. Navidad remains an important attraction, however, because one of Mexico's most sacred religious shrines, the Cathedral of Our Lady of San Esubio Navidad, is located in the center of town.

The church is built on the exact spot where Timmy Culpepper, son of an American tourist, was visited by the Blessed Virgin in July, 1974, and instructed to build a church in her honor. Timmy's father, an amateur video buff, recorded the entire incident on a cassette, which he delivered to Bishop Del Rey in Ciudad Todos Negros. Bishop Del Rey was skeptical at first, then he noticed young Timmy clutching something in his windbreaker. The boy dropped it to the floor, where the astounded prelate uncovered a stack of building permits, blueprints, zoning certificates, spec sheets, and even a list of reputable subcontractors in the area.

Construction was begun immediately, but bogged down several months later when problems developed in a section of the duct work. Plans called for 180 hot air returns along the east and west walls of the transept, yet every sheet metal expert in Mexico said it was impossible. Construction remained at a standstill until April 14, 1976, when a man appeared at the site with a box of tools and identified himself as a carpenter. He said he was passing through town and heard there was a problem at the cathedral.

The foreman was reluctant to let a strange man with no specialized training work on such a complicated system, but his back was against the wall. Within three days, each of the return vents was installed and functioning perfectly. In fact, engineers from around the world have agreed that the cathedral at San Esubio Navidad is a marvel of air circulation—flawless in every detail. Bishop Del Rey attempted to thank the mysterious carpenter for salvaging the project, but he disappeared shortly after completing

the job—his unclaimed paycheck remains on display in the church.

DAY 4. Train to Puerto Mázcanillo. Somehow the Mexicans managed to get hold of a number of old American Pullman sleepers, dining cars, and second-class coach cars and string them together into a train that runs along the west coast from Golfo de Registrádas to Mexico City. You will want to reserve several Pullman compartments, which, being solid steel and virtually indestructible, have for the most part survived twenty years of Mexicans. Many of the compartment walls can be folded away, making it possible to open up an entire car for yourself, while the rest of the train is jammed with a thousand grisly peasants, jiggling with the clatter of poorly laid track. These people are old, infirmed, squawling, snoring, muttering, mesmerized, and tightly wedged between heaps of twine, rag, and belt-tied boxes, expressionlessly resigned to yet another leg in life's sorrowful, miserable journey.

The atmosphere is usually steeped in a rancid heather of evaporating Tecate beer and giant clods of ice that dutiful conductors place by fans in the front of the car to lower the temperature to below freezing, until the ice runs out and the air shoots instantly to 110 degrees.

Many knowledgeable travelers I have met suggest a visit to this section of the train after having taken a number of Quaaludes—stumbling over the bodies and boxes with an open bottle of mescal in one hand and a large steak or bag of cookies in the other. Put your arm around the conductor and ask him and the peasants to sing Mexican songs with you, or better yet, insist he let you drive the train. Mexican railroad men are quite proud of their work, and will gladly escort anyone who displays a genuine interest to the engine cab. You'll be surprised at how fast you can make the train go, and how easy it is to operate.

DAY 5. Puerto Mázcanillo (Pop. 750,000). With its spectacular tropical shoreline rimmed by slump block hovels and stalled hotel projects, Mázcanillo is a favorite spot for American, and even Mexican, vacationers. Collect a roomful of Mexican furniture washed up on the beach, build a roaring fire, and enjoy the passing parade of pedestrian vendors as they trudge obsequiously into your camp with pathetic inventories of dead puffer fish, switchblades, yo-yos, exhaust manifolds, wedding gowns, and shellacked armadillo handbags. Experienced travelers I know generally ask to examine everything a vendor is carrying, then throw it all in the fire and chase him off with burning sticks. If you want to earn



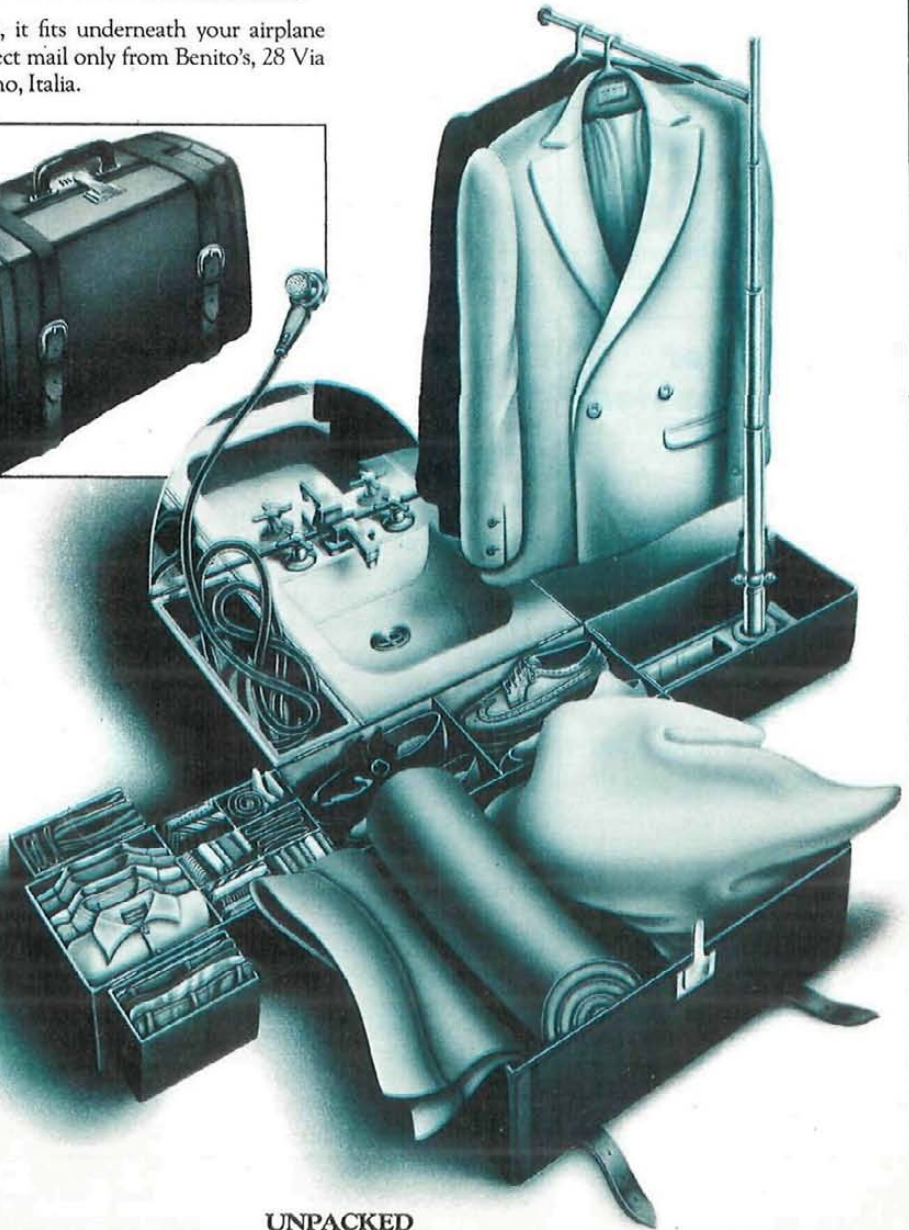
Timmy Culpepper's windbreaker, with miraculous imprint of the Blessed Virgin holding color swatches for the interior of her cathedral, is displayed over the main altar.

TRAVELER'S AID

Wherein the seasoned sojourners who comprise our editorial board recall their worldwide travels and share with our readers some of what they've learned along the way.

The World's Best Suitcase

It's durable, it's light, it fits underneath your airplane seat. Available by direct mail only from Benito's, 28 Via Santa Clausino, Milano, Italia.



TRAVELER'S AID

A Tip About Motion Sickness

It's impossible to sneeze and vomit at the same time, so always carry plenty of fresh black pepper with you, and whenever you feel ill, sprinkle some of it under your nose and begin sneezing and keep sneezing...No, wait a minute...maybe it's crying and vomiting that it's impossible to do at the same time. Carry half an onion with you at all times, and whenever you feel ill, just dice....Actually, that doesn't sound right either. Maybe you should just buy some Dramamine.

Penalties for Drug Possession in Various Countries

Turkey—Offenders are forced to watch *Midnight Express* until they vomit.

Morocco—Twenty years to life in a room with William Burroughs.

Iran—Eyes gouged out with red-hot hog-nosed pliers, molten glass poured into rectum, and penis snipped off with pinking shears. Punishment is even worse if the drugs are illegal.

Russia—Suspects are brainwashed into defecting, and have to spend the rest of their lives living in half-room apartments and wearing cardboard suits.

Mexico—Defendants are forced to buy even more drugs, and at outrageous prices, too.

Aspen—You have to turn on everybody down at the station house, and then somebody sends out for pizza, and half the time you end up paying for that, too.

England—Receive a £50 per week pension for being mentally disturbed and unemployed.

When in Rome...

When traveling through Europe, be sure to "do as the Romans do" and follow local rules and customs.

Most hotels post their regulations in your room so you can consult them at your convenience.

Grand Hotel de Californie 33 Rue de Bayga, Lyons, France

Regulations for Guests Americains

1. Welcome to the Grand Hotel de Californie. If you have not yet pay, descend by the front desk and do so at once.
2. All guests packing up must leave at 11:00 A.M. or he will be assisted down by our powerful Algerian concierge.
3. Hours in our dining chamber for evening meal, 7:00–9:00. Our waiters are not signaling to you their rudeness; they are French.
4. Do not shout foul-mouthings down our laundry chute, as your socks are certainly lost.
5. It is the privilege of the elevating man to pass his hands by your wife's organs when he is alone. Do not make a noise.
6. Should fire erupt, pass your person by the window into the waiting street below.
7. If illness attacks surprisingly, day and night checkout is at hand to speed you on your way.
8. Beneath your bed you will locate a shoe box for the storage of your valuables. We are certainly irresponsible for these.
9. The toiletlike appliance of your bathing room is not for the receiving of your turds and wee-wees. It is for the scrubbing and perfuming of your dangling scrotums and your Mrs. hirsute groin hole.
10. Do not disarrange the manager. He will absolutely be preoccupied with other things.

Fichet 77-w4-6478 Do not manipulate or violate this form.

Beyond Billy Hayes

Transporting illicit drugs across international borders has become increasingly hazardous as customs inspectors around the world have "wised up" to smugglers' tricks, such as swallowing inflated condoms filled with heroin and shoving hollowed-out pentels of cocaine up your keester.

Every day new scams and techniques are developed. Some work,

sharpened melon baller or a grapefruit knife, scoop out the flesh and muscle underneath (fig. 2). Adjust a butane lighter for the highest flame and cauterize the wounds (fig. 3). Now wait until the little holes have healed completely, line with plastic wrap, and fill with cocaine, heroin, or any other powdered substance (fig. 4). Now flip the nails down (fig. 5), and *voilà!* Your stash is safe.



some don't, but here's one that has thus far proven all but foolproof:

Pry back the toenails from your two big toes until they have been separated from the flesh beneath. Do not pull them off entirely, however; they must remain connected to your toes at the base so that you can flip them up and down like little "lids." See fig. 1.

Now flip toenails up and, using a

One last tip. Foul-smelling feet tend to discourage all but the most cursory investigations, so don't wash your trotters for a week before you cross a border. If the customs agent *does* check out your feet, tell him you've got some killer form of trench foot, and the white powder on your toes is an experimental fungicide developed by the Green Berets in Vietnam.

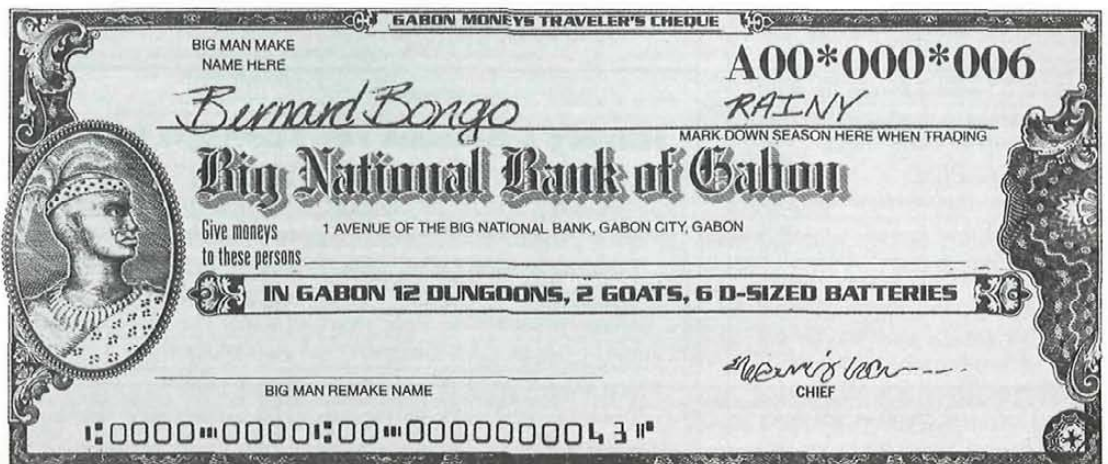
How to Use Public Telephones in Foreign Countries

COUNTRY	PICK UP PHONE, LISTEN FOR:	INSERT:	LISTEN FOR:	THEN LISTEN FOR:	DIAL NUMBER, THEN LISTEN FOR:	
					OPEN LINE	BUSY LINE
FRANCE	Bweeeee eeeeee...	1 Jeton	Clik-clik. Bweeeep.	(Hissing.)	Zeeeta- zeeeta...	Zet-zet. Zet-zet...
GERMANY	Dzzzzt. Dzzzzt...	50 Pfennig	Dzzzzt.	Recording— "Dial immediately."	Dzzzzt.	Recording—"There will be no call."
MOROCCO	(Nothing.)	1 Dirham	Kolnk.	(Nothing.)	(Nothing.)	(Nothing.)
SPAIN	Dit-dit-dit- Dyeeeeee...	10 Pesetas	Bleep.	Dit-dit-dit- zizzzzit.	Ayiiiii- iiiiiiip...	Awawaw- Awawaw...
ITALY	Klikliklik- Oowaaayiii...	10,000 Lira	Eewaaayii yaaawooh...	Uhhrrriii yaaalllp...	Zoook- Zoook...	Dleeee- ceeee...
ETHIOPIA	Shhhhhhk. Kleeep- kleeep...	25 Cents	Kleeep. Zzzzzk.	Operator— "Yes."	Operator: "ring-a-ring."	Kleeep.
YUGOSLAVIA	Bididididi didididi...	10 Paras	Bip.	Zzzzzz...	Lak.	Dik-Dik. (Static)...
THAILAND	(Nothing.)	3 Baht	(Static.)	(Static.)	(Howling sound.)	(Whirring sound.)
BRAZIL	Bzzzzt. Kik-kik-kik. Bzzzzt...	1 Cruzeiro	Bzzzzt. Bzzzzt.	Wreeeee. Wreeeee...	Vreeeep...	Pop- pop...
RUSSIA	(Distorted voices.)	10 Kopecks	(Loud hum.)	Hooooooo...	Tikatika. tikatika...	(Distorted voices.)
INDIA	Tata kakak...	2 Rupees	Lolololo lolololow.	Operator— "Thank you for using the telephone."	Operator— "Oh, good; they are home."	Lololo lolololow...

Don't Leave Home Without Them

In recent years, the banks of many nations have begun to emulate American Express and Thomas Cooke by issuing traveler's checks. While you will probably not have occasion to employ this local script yourself, it is

always wise to make yourself familiar with the coin of the realm in which you're traveling. The check reproduced below, for example, is currently accepted everywhere in sub-Saharan Africa except Namibia.



TRAVELER'S AID

Fear of Paying

The "A" Plan.

Pack yourself in crumpled newspaper in a large box. Have it wrapped in fiber packing tape and stamped *Book Rate*. Address yourself to the fellows of Magdelene College, Oxford, England. The customs forms should make it clear that you are the complete works of Longfellow. The disadvantage of this plan: mail often travels in unpressurized aircraft cargo holds—in which case, you arrive dead and are out six bucks.

The "AA" Plan.

Force your way onto a Europe-bound plane with a gun. If you are a Negro, be sure to have a white mask in your pocket. If you are white, wear a Negro mask. When the plane is about to land at the European airport, go to the washroom. Lock the door, and, using two voices, start a loud argument like this:

White Voice: Hey, you crazy Negro, go away—I'm poeing!

Black Voice: No way, you honky debil. My life is worthless, and I am determined to leap into the chemical toilet and dissolve!

White Voice: Oh my gosh, no! No!

Black Voice: *Spalash!*

Then put on your honky mask if you are a Negro, or remove your Negro mask if you are white, and bursting out of the washroom door scream, "The crazy nigger jumped!" Disadvantage to this plan: they may drag the toilet with hooks.

The "AAA" Plan.

Buy a ten-pound bag of dog hair from a Chinaman. Paint yourself with rubber cement, and plaster the hair over your naked body. Have a friend take you in a shipping kennel to the airport. Be sure you have a vet's immunization certificate. If customs or airline officials are suspicious of your disguise, lick your cock. Disadvantage to this plan: you may be quarantined for six months.

DON'T BE AN "UGLY ARABIAN"!

A Tourist Pamphlet Provided by Air Saudi
Arabia and Your Travel Service.

Dear Arabian Traveler,

When vacationing in the United States, it is a fine policy to be aware of the many differences in customs between ourselves and the Americans. By taking into account the American manner of doing things, the boulevard will become polished to an unfeathered and enjoyable holiday. Remember, it makes excellent plain sense not to be an "Ugly Arabian!"



Watch Out for Being a Money - Spectacle!

In the past, many Arabian tourists have made a habit of purchasing small items in American stores, while saying noisily and thoughtlessly to the clerk, "I only have a suitcase full of \$10,000 bills—please give me the change." In the American culture it is considered a serious error to expose an individual's financial position by this means, so take a moment of time to obtain several smaller notes and carry them inside your pocket. It is useful to know that American people are noticeably proud of their systems and institutions, and accordingly, become embarrassed when someone enters a shop and remarks, "What is the price of this merchandise?"; to which the clerk responds, "Three dollars," and the tourist replies arrogantly, "Yes, yes, but how much is that in *real riyals*?" It is no wonder that American shopkeepers resent the Arabian tourist from the time he opens the door, and purposely quote him a higher price than any other customer. A considerate traveler will realize that most Americans do not sell their cities or public roads. There are always the disturbing stories of Arabian vacationers who offer an American policeman several million dollars in currency to buy a section of a town or a highway so they can drive their cars at high speeds, and most certainly the officer is forced to make an uncomfortable excuse as to why he cannot accept the money. By merely utilizing those sev-

Handy Phrases for Foreign Travelers

ENGLISH

"Please direct me to the comfort facilities."

FRENCH

Where is the bathroom?? The bathroom! Where ... is ... the ... bathroom?!!!!

ENGLISH

"Can you please tell me what that amount is in U.S. currency?"

GERMAN

Dollars! D-o-l-l-a-r-s!! How much is that in dollars?!

ENGLISH

"Would you bring us the bill for our meal, please?"

ITALIAN

Hey, waiter—check! You know—where's the la whatsit? La chekio! How mucha la chekio, dammit?

Warning: Countries Where It Is Not Advisable for Men Tourists to Wear Long Hair

England, France, Germany, the United States. Long hair is very unfashionable in these countries, and if you wear your hair long, everybody will think you're a real appleknocker, and women won't give you the time of day. Also, it makes you look like a hippie deadass, which






means you'll attract all sorts of pot-fogged digger-style dead wood who will try to take you home to their "pads" and feed you unleavened elm twig bread and peat soup until your yin and yang get straight or you shit yourself to death, whichever comes first.

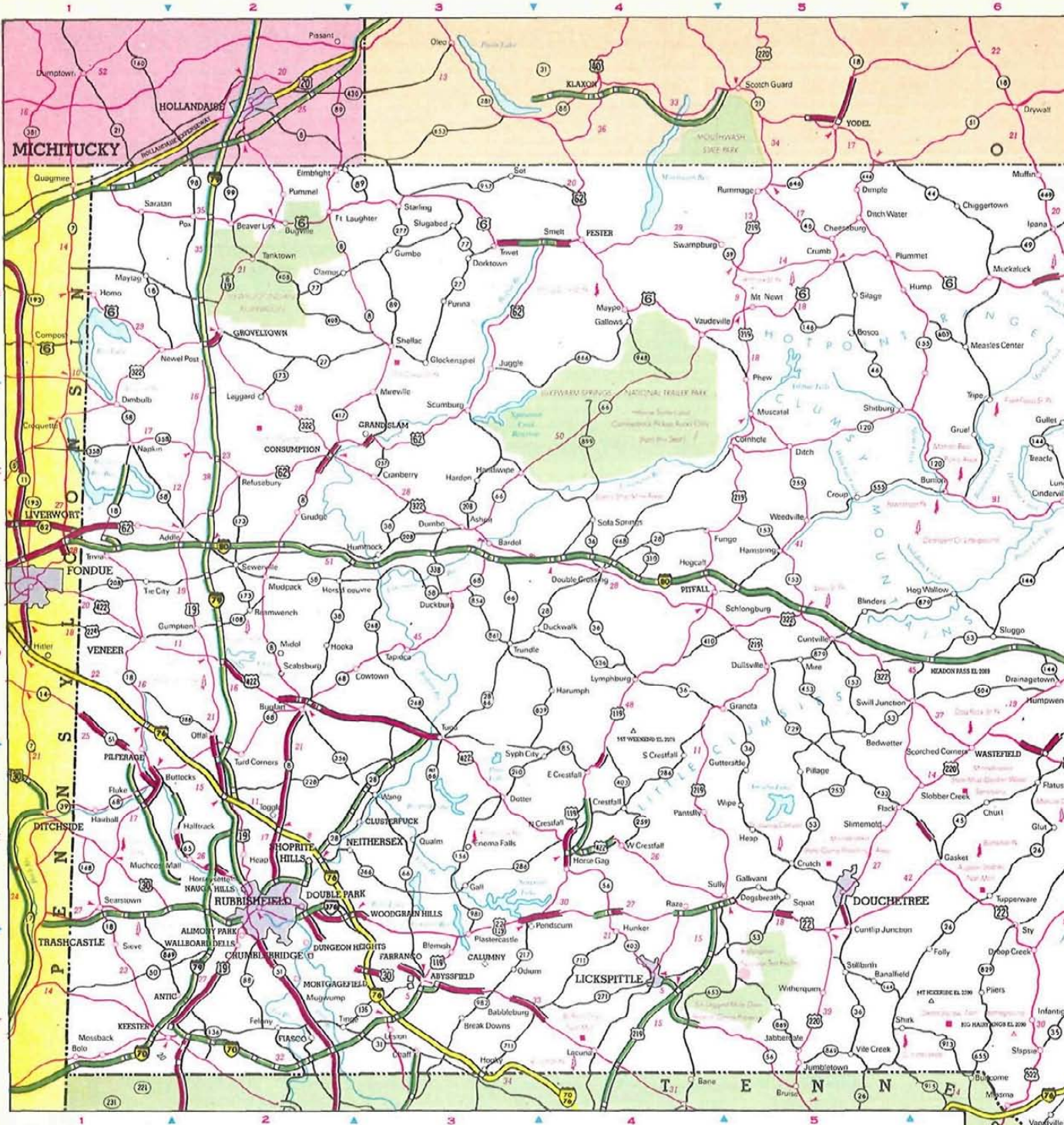
A Serious Infection in Venice

Occasionally while traveling, you may feel ill or indisposed. This is unfortunate and all but unavoidable, given changes in diet, climate, and local sanitary condi-

tions. The following chart gives some idea of the type of medical attention you can expect in a representative group of foreign countries.

NATIONS AND PHYSICIANS

	Switzerland (Dr. Hans R. Kalt)	England (Dr. Percy Windbreaker, B.Y.O.B.)	Peru (Dr. O. B. Kotecs)	Korea (Dr. Moon Mi Mum)	Turkey (Makim ben Dover)
					
AILMENTS					
Constipation	Take laxative, as required.	Remove pants, sit on commode, and take a look at the tax deduction section of your paycheck.	Go to top of Mountain of the Kings and hold a butterfly between your teeth until the brown rumbles.	Steal a corn-studded turd and thus confound those who would ridicule you.	Tubesteak suppositories, as required.
Earache	Penicillin drops for infection; aspirin for pain.	Fill out national health forms till it goes away.	Paint your face with lizard blood, pour salt on your father stick, and suck a burro's blanket.	Loudly threaten your testicles with vile tortures unless the pain abates.	Course of posterior meat injections.
Broken limb	Set leg as X-rays indicate.	Register as addict, take 20 cc. of heroin, and call back if you still care.	Rejoice that your inevitable death will insure a bountiful bean harvest.	The superior man learns to avoid rice wine and political debate.	Seven-day regimen of foaming beef enemas.
Skin rash	Topical antibiotics, as required.	Don't worry, we've all got it; it's from the syphilis in our kings.	Dink an Inca and give it to her.	Smear pustule drippings on small piece of blotter paper, sell to LSD-hungry GIs.	Exploratory open anal pork probe.
Nausea and fever	Hospital tests required for diagnosis.	Wring out meals before eating.	Collect heavings in wooden bowl and sell as cure for baldness.	Bottle throatmeal and lay by in case of famine.	Traumatic rectal ham lancing.
Baldness	No known cure.	Hard cheese, buttockhead.	See above.	Smear shit on head; resulting flies will pass for Taiwanese toupee.	High colonic bologna implant.



Map Legend

- Needs Repair
- Not Finished Yet
- Not Finished Yet and Already Needs Repair
- Goes Out of Your Way But No Traffic Goes Where You Want But It's Jammed
- Intimidating Shortcut You Can Never Find
- Places Where You Can Cross the Median Strip and Break the Law
- Potholes and Bumps
- Chuckholes and Dips
- Roads with a Lot of Run-Over Animals
- Steep, Narrow Winding Roads with No Guardrails
- Completely Wrong Roads Taken by Mistake
- Colorful Dirty Areas with Dangerous Niggers
- Beautiful Wilderness Areas with Nasty Forest Rangers and a Million Stupid Rules
- Places Where the Military Is Doing Something Awful

- 84 Busy Highways with State Troopers All Over the Place
- 209 Secondary Routes with Hidden Police Radar Traps Everywhere You Look
- 294 Back Roads Where the Local Sheriff's Deputies Can Do Anything They Want with You
- 515 Lonely Unpatrolled Stretches of Road Where Cycle Gangs Will Rape Your Wife
- 85 If You See a Sign Like This, You're Lost
- State Parks with Camping Facilities and Vans Full of Horny College Girls with Quaaludes
- State Parks with Camping Facilities and Sleeping Bags Full of Unwashed Hippies Who Want to Borrow Ten Dollars

- Rest Stops Where Outlets Will Give You Blow Jobs
- Places to Eat Where the Food Tastes Like Shit
- Areas Where the CB Chatter is Even More Unbelievably Stupid Than Usual
- Stretches of Road Where It's Easy to Spotlight a Deer with Your High Beams and Gut Shoot Him and Listen to Him Thrash Around on the Bushes While He Takes Hours to Die
- Points of Interest That Aren't Interesting at All But Have Bathrooms
- Picnic Tables You Can Steal or Break
- Indicates State Capitals, Lunatic Asylums, Nuclear Waste Storage Facilities, or Areas Where Rabid Squirrels Have Been Reported

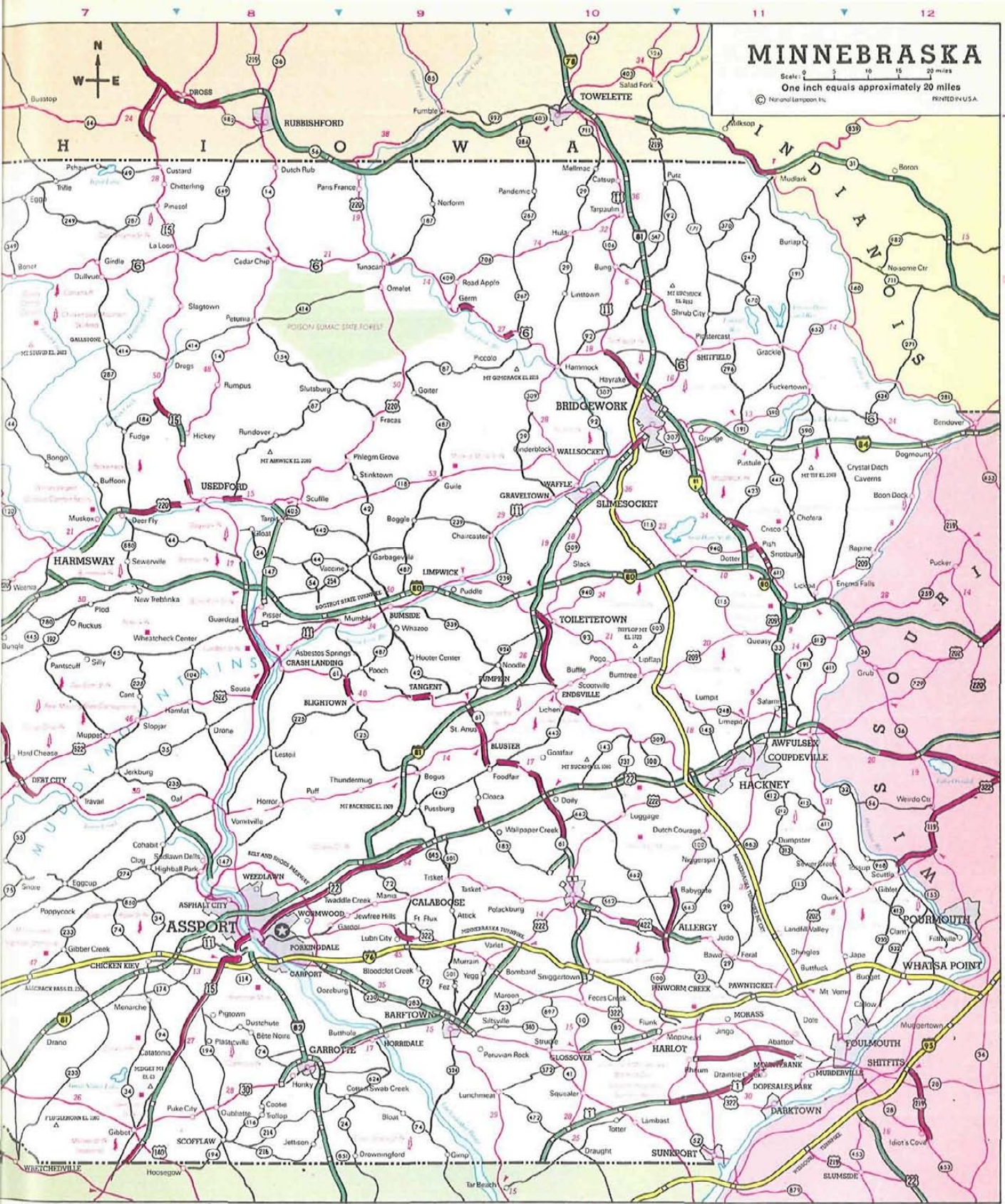


Minnesota
 Population: 9,884,314 (1970 Census)
 Area: 42,332 sq. miles
 Capital: Assport

MINNEBRASKA

Scale: 0 5 10 20 miles
One inch equals approximately 20 miles

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Cities, Towns, and Principal Features	Used to take that road before turnpike was finished	People come all the way from New York to eat there	Look! A hawk circling in the sky over there	Eighty-eight cents a gallon for unleaded regular	Paddled! Giant bug caught in the grille	E-3	Place where they found all those dead pigs in the Forest Preserve
Bartwreck	F-9	I'm serious	G-11	F-10	B-6	F-10	Another blowout
Dad's first wife	E-11	It's supposed to be one of the best restaurants in the world	G-11	E-9	D-6	C-10	AAA Wracker
Barn fire	E-5	Dog that got hit by a car dragging its hind legs	G-7	E-5	E-3	A-2	Used to know a gal from there
Stationed there during the war	F-11	1953 Plymouth	B-4	E-5	C-4	F-12	Second hand owner's today
Funny song	D-9	Want fopping up there once	D-2	E-10	D-7	C-7	Corn at roadside stand for as much as in the A&P
Where Aunt May was born	F-6	Down truck	G-6	E-10	D-7	B-9	Fifteen foot wide hayrack being driven down the middle of the road at 2 mph by a twelve-year old
Bird hit windshield	G-6	Down truck	G-6	E-10	D-7	C-7	Jet plane landing
Most we stayed at last year	C-5	Down truck	G-6	E-10	D-7	C-7	
Garage Sale	D-4	Really old tree	F-10	E-5	D-7	C-7	
Dairy Queen	E-2			E-5	D-7	C-7	

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



The Vantage Point

Where great taste and low tar meet.



Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich 'Flavor Impact'™ tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's



FUNNY PAGES

WUTS

REMEMBER HOW YOU COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHY GROWN-UPS DIDN'T USE THE TERRIFIC, SENSATIONAL ADVANTAGES THEY HAD, AND HOW YOU HOPED YOU WOULDN'T BLOW IT WHEN YOUR TIME CAME?

WHERE DID YOUR AUNT AND UNCLE GO ON THEIR TRIP?

EGYPT.

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT

WOW!

DID THEY SEE PYRAMIDS AND ALL THAT?

OH.

THEY SAID IT WAS ALWAYS VERY HOT.

John Wilson ©1979

THERE WAS THIS KID WHO SOLD MY UNCLE A SWISS WATCH, BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE A SORT OF FAKE WITH NO INSIDES.

UH-HUH.

SO MY UNCLE WANTED TO CHASE AFTER THE KID BUT MY AUNT WAS AFRAID HE'D GET LOST IN ALL THE ALLEYS. THERE WERE A LOT OF ALLEYS.

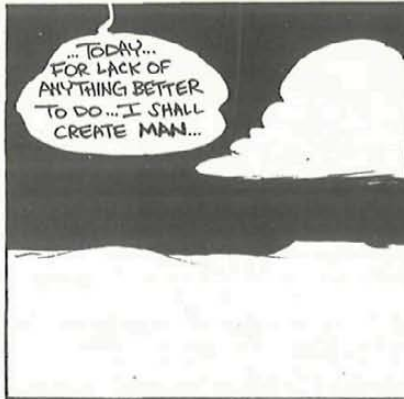
UHM.

ANYTHING ELSE HAPPEN?

THEY THINK A PORTER STOLE ONE OF THEIR SUITCASES.

GENESIS: 7,8

... THEN THE EYES OF BOTH WERE OPENED, AND THE MAN AND HIS WIFE HID THEMSELVES FROM THE LORD GOD AMONG THE TREES OF THE GARDEN...



© OWELL '78

The COPYRIGHTED SIAMESE PRIVATE AESOP BROTHERS TWINS DETECTIVES!

A MRS. O'CONNELL ON LINE TWO, MESSRS. AESOP...

YEAH, THANKSH!

OH, MR. AESOP COME QUICK-IT'S MY HUSBAND-I USUALLY FIND HIM ALIVE, BUT THIS MORNING I FOUND HIM DEAD!

WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

THANKSH, SWEETHEART!

AESOP BROTHERS FAN CLUB NEWS

ANN FITSH-Seattle chapter still has all her tickets to the ANNUAL AESOP Blvd. dance that was to be held April 8.

BOB RICCIARDI, Bob, BUFFALO, N.Y., chapter a suicide (handgun).

MARTINEZ AFFONSO-South Bronx chapter-importa local AESOP Blvd. HQ. turned out again this week!

N.Y.C. Fans! AESOP Blvd. detailing CARRY FYANT-NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH. Subject: 'WHEELCHAIRS: RENT VERSUS PURCHASE'.

MASTERS AND JOHNSON give AESOP Blvd. clean bill of health! No sign of latent homosexuality-small accumulation of plaque on GEORGE'S teeth, though.

NORMAN GLASSER, Atlantic City chapter pres., also suicide, Mar. 6-7 and 8. Bye, til next time!



YOU KNOW, GEORGE, IT'D BE A LOT EASIER IF YOU'D LEARN TO DRIVE!



HERE'S THE PLACE....



QUE PASA, LADY?

HE'S IN THE PLAYROOM....



"A USELESS LIFE IS AN EARLY DEATH."

GOETHE, OR WAS THAT MARGARET TRUDEAU?

HOW LONG HAS HE HAD BROWN EYES?

I FIRST BECAME SUSPICIOUS WHEN I NOTICED THAT HE WAS TALLER THAN ME. ORDINARILY, HE JUST COMES UP TO MY CHIN.



I AM DETERMINED TO CONTINUE WITH THIS!

BACK ISSUES



MARCH 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins
APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Crime Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy
SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Think*, National Geographic parody, and the President's Brother comic
OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album
DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o'-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Dolomites Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement
APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, the Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and *Ivory* magazine
MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin
AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o'-God comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk
SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitedove comics, *Vichy* Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards
MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*
APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS Tyrannic Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg
JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Carle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers, Almanac, *Rodrigues' Gastronomic Conicque*, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*
AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu
SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, *Rodrigues' Senior Sex*, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Balfanz Comics*
NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics and Watergate Down
JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Neopagan Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Triva Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre
APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Bep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bugle Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes
MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, *Rodrigues' Comedies*, and Our Wonderful Bodies
JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Taglag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks is God, Airport '69, and Gitter Burns
AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court
SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and the *Esquire Parody*
DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody
APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here
SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammer
OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Nuts, the *Acropg* Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins and dozens of other comics and cartoons
NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy Fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption and natural gas
JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial
APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With T-Bird and Monza, TV magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS *Concordance*, and Dinah's Dumpster
JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenary wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross
JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Life Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance
SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP: With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's *Grown-ups Can Do Anything*
OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Marsley Moptop Favorites*, *Fabgearbear Magazine*, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report
NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES: With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York
DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER: With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement
JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY: With the Socratic Monologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Cretins, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World
FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW: With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euronazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food
MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, Pointless Crimes, and Just Deserts
APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING: With the Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by *Rodrigues*, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Autorama
JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST: With *Even Bluegirls Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and *Cowboys of Many Lands*
JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE: With a garland of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *NatLamp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, *Rodrigues*, and *Subitzky*
AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS: With *Sawyeer* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *NatLamp* report on education in America
SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE: With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast
OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT: With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beth*, self-entertainment, Wilson, *Rodrigues*, and a *NatLamp* guide to the Big Ten
NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY: With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, Pot Mews and Coke Alley, Captain Cadaver by Gahan Wilson, How Our Bodies Develop, and a True Body Section
DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY: With Modern Menus, Foods of Many Nations, a General History of Food Fighting, a Gourmet Guide, and a True Food Section
JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION: With *Psychopages*, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, *Subitzky*, and Flenniken
FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY: With Very Married Sex, a look at bachelors, Planet of the Living Women, Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife, and a profile of Mr. Right
MARCH, 1979/CHANCE: With Track Rats, Vegas, Unchained Melodrama, How to Drive Fast, and John and Gerry's risk section
APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL: With Salacious Items and Lewd Articles, Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement, the 1946 Bulgemobiles, and a *Life* magazine parody
MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM: With EXPLO '79, Boris Bond of KGB, Girls of the Communist Bloc, and the ultimate Commie guide: the Pink Pages
JUNE, 1979/KIDS: With Alice in Regularland, Young Burns, Big Boys, Child Pornography, and comics by Shary Flenniken and Gahan Wilson
JULY, 1979/SPORTS: With Action Golf, Game Bunnies, Weekend Athletes, and a special Encyclopedia of Participatory Sports by the editors

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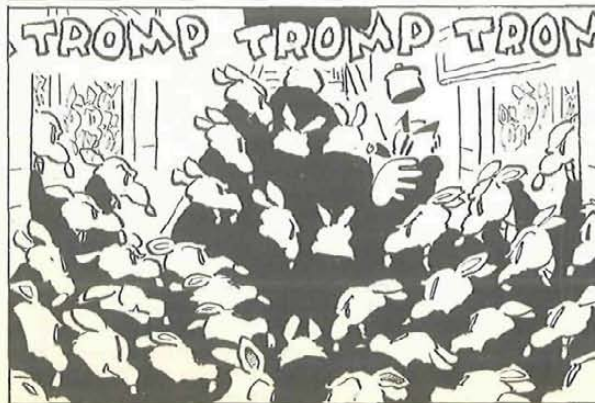
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DIRTY DUCK



BY BOBBY LONDON

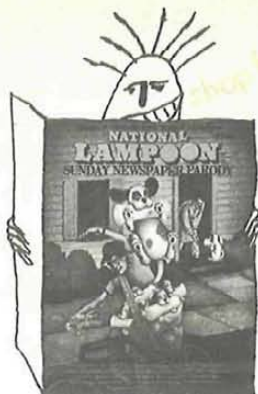


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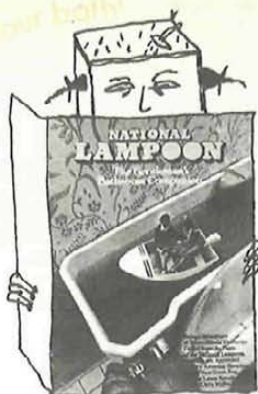
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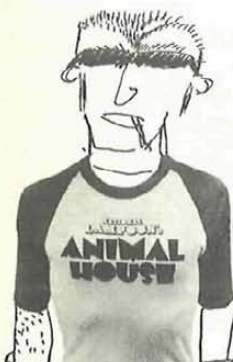
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DON'T EXPECT ANY REVELATIONS, BONNIE...

THINK OF IT AS A CHANCE TO SPEND FIFTEEN MINUTES TALKING ABOUT YOURSELF.

IT'S CHEAPER THAN PSYCHOANALYSIS!



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THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



By B.K. Taylor '79

OUR STORY BEGINS AS WE FIND THE APPLETONS ATTENDING CHURCH SERVICE, AND WE HEAR...

ON THIS BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY, LET US GIVE THANKS TO...

... I MAY BE WRONG, BUT I BELIEVE THAT MAN OVER THERE TOOK FROM THE COLLECTION PLATE RATHER THAN GAVE!

MEANWHILE - HAVING LEFT HOME IN A RUSH, MR. APPLETON WAS UNABLE TO EAT BREAKFAST - CONSEQUENTLY...

GRUMBLE GURGLE.

DADDY, YOUR STOMACH IS MAKING NOISE.

LET US PRAY....

GREEEUMBLE

TSK!

WE WILL GO FORTH TO...

SNEEK!

JUST WHAT IS GOING ON!

I'M NOT SURE I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

MOMENTS LATER...

...THEN WALK IN THE SHADOW OF SIN, FOR...

WHAK...MUMFZS...

IF YOU CAN'T CONTROL YOUR CHILDREN, I'LL ASK THAT YOU BE THROWN OUT!

I'M VERY SORRY, I...

DAD, WHA...

SOON CALM IS ONCE AGAIN RESTORED.

MAY WE BOW OUR HEADS ... LET NOT THE DEVIL...

CLICK

FIRE! THIS WOMAN BURST INTO FLAMES... IT MUST BE AN OMEN!

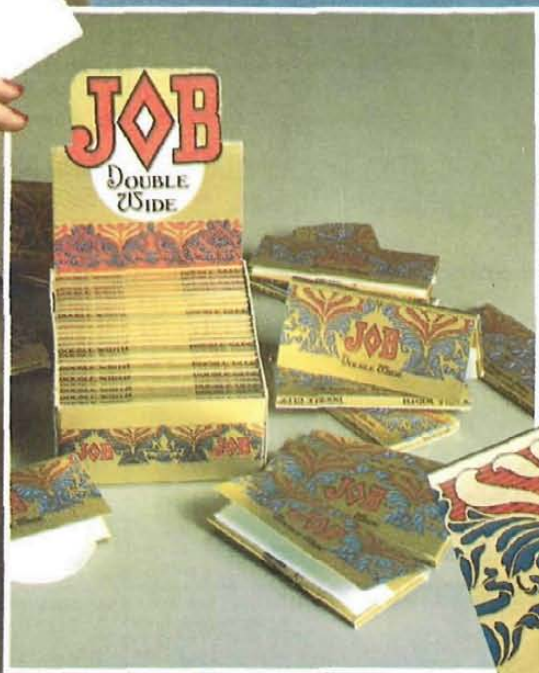
WILL EVERYONE PLEASE CLEAR THE CHURCH!

AND REMEMBER! FREEDOM OF RELIGION IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS!

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JOB
 has
 your
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TRY 'EM OR BUY 'EM LIMITED OFFER

Try your favorite size **JOB** cigarette papers at home! Choose a specially priced **JOB** 24-pack or 4-pack sampler* sent post-paid directly to you.

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The Great American Chuck Wagon



by Gerald Sussman

The chuck wagon. Who hasn't read about that wonderful stick-to-the-ribs kind of food it was famous for in the days of the Old West? We've always been told that the West would never have been won without the help of all those hearty stews, chewy biscuits, and deeply satisfying pies cooked up by tough, feisty chuck wagon cooks, who ruled their wagons with the same total authority of an executive chef in a three-star French restaurant. But recent scholarly works on the Old West reveal a somewhat different picture of these colorful culinary legends.* Evidently, the chuck wagon chef had a much harder problem preparing edible food for the cowboys than is imagined, especially when they were on their long cattle drives.

First, most ranch owners were incredibly stingy, and didn't allow their precious cattle to be used for food. Second, other food animals were terribly scarce during the cattle drive season, especially in winter. The chuck wagon chef had to devise and improvise whatever he could to keep the cowboys reasonably happy and alive so they could work their regular eighteen-hour day. "Those lusty, mouth-watering dishes so faithfully recorded by early historians were largely created out of the vivid imaginations of the ranch owners,

who wanted the jobs they offered to sound as appealing and romantic as possible to the poor, ignorant cowboy. The cook also liked to embroider his recipes with a cup of lies and a large pinch of fraud and fantasy to protect his reputation."**

Some trail drive chuck wagons were lucky, and found enough Indians along the way to provide adequate food. Since Indians were regarded as more animal than human in most parts of the West, it was not considered an act of cannibalism to eat them. If he had to, the cowboy would trap and shoot an unsuspecting brave. Or, he might find one dead from starvation in the frozen wastes of winter. "...the ice and snow kept the redskin in fairly fresh condition. I had no worry about it gettin' spoiled," said William "Will" Snoit, the chuck wagon cook of the huge Lazy Barfly Ranch of Texas. According to Professor William T. Funk, chef Snoit is also responsible for the saying, "The only good-tasting Indian is a dead Indian," the true version of the oft-quoted line.

Here are some chuck wagon recipes, the food the cowboys really ate.

What Is This Shit Stew

Also known as *What Is This Shit Stew*, *What Is This Shit Stew*, *What Is This Shit Stew*, and *What Is This Shit Stew*: In the dead of winter, there was often virtually nothing left for cowboys to eat but

the usual beans, flour, salt, and fat. This is when the chuck wagon chef's imagination was stretched to the utmost. The trees were bare, vegetation was scarce, and Indians nonexistent. The only thing left was what were called "droppins'." When combined with lots of beans, flour, salt, and fat, they were difficult to identify, and for a starving cowboy, they were better than nothing. Also, the droppins' were the only things you could easily spot on great blankets of snow.

5 lbs. beans	5 cups water
5 lbs. flour	5 cups salt
5 lbs. droppins'	Plenty of cooking fat

Cook your beans until they're soft. Combine all ingredients and mix them up until they're a nice thick concoction. Then fry in some more cooking fat until it looks done.

Slimebelly Snakeass Sodhole Skunk Pie

5 lbs. beans, cooked	5 lbs. salt
5 lbs. flour	5 cups water
5 lbs. assorted foliage	Plenty of cooking fat

Mix all your ingredients together until they form a nice smooth paste. Fill up a well-greased pie tin with the paste, and bake for an hour or two until it gets nice and brown and bubbly.

Muthafuck Yo' Ass Brown Bitch Biscuits

5 lbs. beans	5 lbs. salt
5 lbs. flour	5 lbs. water
	Plenty of cooking fat

Mix beans, flour, salt, and water in a bowl until it all forms a mash. Spoon out gobs of it on a well-greased biscuit pan and bake in a 400-degree oven until they're all brown and pretty.

Note: The beans in this recipe are uncooked, which gives the biscuits a slightly drier, crunchier texture.

Indian Surprise

5 medium-sized Indians, preferably Choctaws or Chickasaws. (Cherokees and Comanches are too tough to eat in a proper recipe and are good only for the horses.)

5 lbs. flour	5 chunks of wood, any kind
5 lbs. salt	
5 gallons water	Plenty of cooking fat

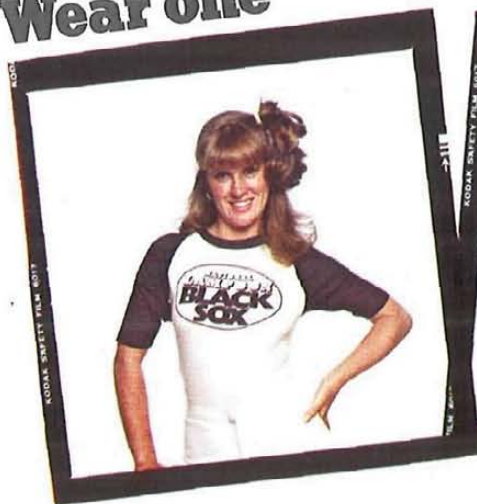
Cook the Indians in boiling water for about five days, or until fork tender. They will shrink a little during this process. When done, sprinkle the flour and salt over the Indians and fry them in the cooking fat until they're nice and brown. Add the wood during the last ten minutes for extra flavor. Why is it called Indian Surprise? Because it's got no beans in it! □

*Swan, J. D., *A Real Cowboy's Diary*, edited by T. Harry Lathrop, Texas A&I Normal Press, 1977. **Funk, William T., *The Chuck Wagon Myth*, Montana State Teachers Press, 1976.

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LET'S WENT TO MEXICO

continued from page 64

five dollars, capture the vendor and turn him in for a government bounty at any hotel or tourist office.

Wandering vendors should not be confused with legitimate beggars, who are considered less bothersome and more interesting to look at. I suggest patronizing the blind hydrocephalic at the corner of Calle Sixteenth of November and Paseo Twenty-second of June. It seems that someone once took a metal bat to the top of his massive, bald head, leaving a deep and complex system of canyonlike depressions from ear to ear. I like to make a point of visiting him during the rainy season, when his cranial gorges fill up with water—like mountain lakes—a truly engaging view from above.

As a rule, thousands of Mexican students spend their Christmas and Easter holidays in Mázcanillo, providing an excellent opportunity to meet and exchange ideas with the inheritors of Mexico's future. They are intolerable candy-asses, who, once acknowledged, will affix themselves to you like 150-pound chiggers. Most of them operate out of Volkswagens in groups of three. Get in the car with them and ride back and forth along the Avenida Sixth of

April, Puerto Mázcanillo's major beach road, for five, six, or seven hours as they slap the dashboard to the beat of three-year-old American disco music and giggle at everything you say because they don't understand a word of it.

They, like all Mexicans under the age of twenty-five, will insist that any "conversation" lasting more than a few minutes be concluded with promises to send a postcard. A Mexican kid would rather have a postcard than anything except an American girl. I always mail them a picture of Vicki Carr with a big "Fuck You" on the back.

DAY 6. Mexico City (Pop. 27,000,000). This is the largest and most important city in Mexico; seat of the federal government; center of commerce; and home to the greatest concentration of poor people in the hemisphere.

A major focal point is the Zocalo: an empty stone concourse surrounded by a number of government buildings, including the Mexican Supreme Court, the National Palace, and a long, gray colonnade known as the *Botello*. The *Botello* is extremely significant because its cold shadows and deep granite alcoves shelter Mexico City's famous *agentés*—specialized representatives who arrange bribes with public officials in the Supreme

Court and National Palace. Everyone from President Portillo to the lowliest commissioner has an *agenté*, seated behind a card table in the *Botello*, calling out the familiar, "Come on, talk to the chief, five dolla, five dolla."

A student I know at the University of the Americas needed a geology grade altered in order to retain his scholarship from a foundation back in the States. His account of the manner in which he accomplished this feat is exceptionally interesting. "I went to the *Botello*, and all of the *agentés* were jabbering and pitching me to 'talk to their chief.' I gave one five dollars and it turns out he's José Portillo's man. We walk very briskly to the National Palace; all of the guards and staff seem to know him, and they hustle us through doorways and up rear stairs like we were there on a secret mission. The *agenté* pushes a buzzer in some kind of code sequence, then a wall phone rings and he answers it. A couple of minutes later we're in Portillo's office. Even the president has this nervous, over-the-shoulder attitude. I think it's a stylized routine Mexicans like to get into when they're breaking the rules, as if it's less of a crime the faster they get it over with. Portillo speaks to his *agenté*, then the *agenté* motions me toward the desk. 'Portillo will do it, but only for another five dollars,' he says. I put the money on the desk. Portillo snatches the bills like they were on fire, and places them on an open newspaper, which he folds up about six times and crams into a drawer. He smiles at me momentarily; then the *agenté* ushers me out as fast as we came in. The extra five dollars turned out to be the best money I ever spent. Not only was my geology grade fixed, but my entire transcript was changed to As, and they graduated me summa cum laude."

Another outstanding point of interest in Mexico City is the national monument to the *Seis Niños*, six army cadets who wrapped themselves up in Mexican flags and jumped to their deaths rather than surrender to advancing U.S. marines. This multiple suicide, which Mexicans regard as the greatest and most profound act of military heroism in the history of the country, is recreated every year on the anniversary of the Mexican-American War. Six Mexican kids actually leap from the top of Chapultepec Castle as thousands of the city's American residents storm the hill firing authentic old guns and waving swords. Although 788 young Mexicans have died jumping since 1848, boys of all ages flock to the city by the thousands, each hoping he will be selected to serve his country like the *Seis Niños*. □

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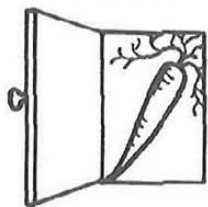






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LETTERS FROM EUROPE

continued from page 83

of Don El Producto de Panatella to deliver the handkerchief for you and to give him your message.

I guess you know, Auny Lilly, that Castanet has the famous monastery founded by St. Begonia Nasturtium in the first century B.C. The Nasturtium Brothers, who have taken a vow of perpetual inebriation, still wander the streets today much the way their predecessors did, but at greater personal hazard since the coming of the automobile. I will let you know how Don Panatella is.

Your niece,
Cindy

CASTANET, BAIN
DE SOLEIL, SPAIN
AUGUST 8

Betsy,

Incredible. That's all I can say. Who would have thought a young girl from Indiana could win the affections of one of the world's oldest noblemen? Where shall I start?

After I left Italy, I traveled through the south of France, where I stopped to pick some grapes in the vineyards. We worked from early morning till lunch, when we had a petit déjeuner, which is made of bread and cheese and is quite long by Indiana sandwich standards. But that's another paragraph.

I toured Spain for a while and saw a place where Ernest Hemingway got into a fight with a bull. Then I decided to stop off at Castanet, on the Spanish Bain de Soleil, and drop off one of the handkerchiefs Aunt Lilly asked me to deliver to some of the friends she made on her "grand tour" between the wars.

Yesterday I made the journey out to the hacienda of Don El Producto de Panatella, the Spanish nobleman.

He seized the handkerchief from me as if it were a piece of the Bayou tapestry, pressed it to his nose, and was possessed by a faraway look that came into his eyes.

"Yes, Lilly," he said, "I remember her well. It was long ago, but I remember her well. She had your hair..." Well, I told him my hair was blond and Lilly's was brown. "Yes," he said, leaning forward and burying his noble head in my hair, "but it had the smell, the same smell as yours." I was spun out by the guy.

"I have known many women," he said, "and I have found something to be loved in them all...the heart has many facets like a fine-cut gem. Lilly had something. I see it in you, too—amazing in one so

continued on page 94

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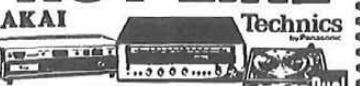
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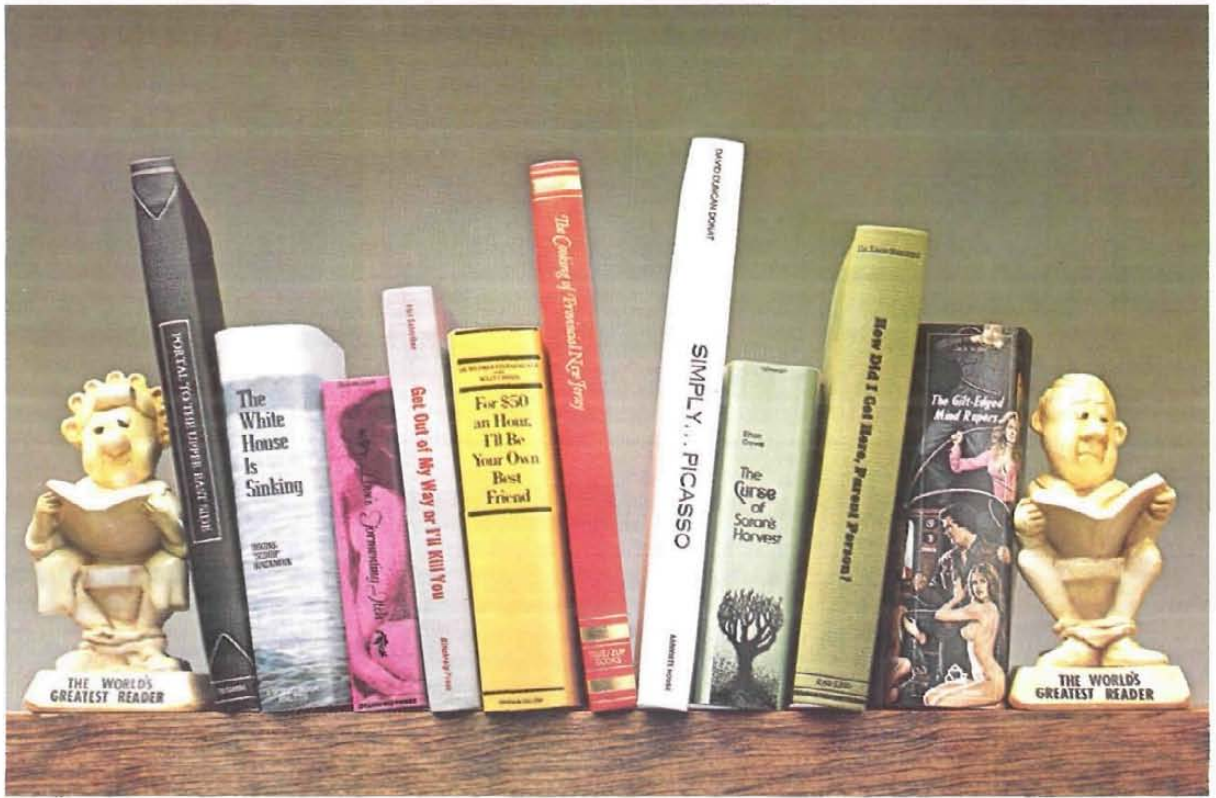
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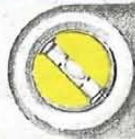
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• A seventy-eight-year-old Dutch woman became disoriented when she lost her sister in a crowd at the Hoog Catherijne shopping center in Utrecht, Netherlands. Afraid to ask directions, the woman roamed around nearly two hundred stores for three days, during which time she was robbed of five hundred dollars, her passport, a gold watch, and two bracelets. Police believe the articles were stolen while she slept. *Zodiac News Service* (contributed by Sheryl Williams)

• Two burglars spent most of the night attempting to break open a fifty-year-old safe with hammers, chisels, hacksaws, crowbars, and an acetylene torch. Because they had connected the torch to an improper type of gas, causing it to sputter and blow a stream of soot all over themselves and the room, the pair settled for a few dollars in change and fled to an awaiting car, which wouldn't start, so they walked home. Police found one of their wallets on the front seat the next day. *Shooting Times* (contributed by Jim Williams)

• A young man asked his mother to drive him to a bank, without telling her he intended to rob it. She dropped him off, but his getaway was aborted when he discovered she had parked the car and gone shopping. (Ibid.)

• A county maintenance supervisor in Towson, Maryland, was demoted and required to accept a \$4,200 decrease in annual pay. He allegedly had chained a black employee to his workbench and forced a Jewish worker

to wear a noose around his neck. *AP* (contributed by Juan Wilson)

• Bob Holt was beaten on the head in downtown Seattle while disguised as a mallard duck. Someone described as a six-foot bearded man wearing an English driving cap spun Bob around, pulled off his duck head, and battered him with the bill. "I didn't speak to him, I didn't flap my wings, I didn't do anything like that," Holt stated. *UPI* (contributed by Vernon Smith)

• A British rail traveler brought an action before a local consumers council alleging the Nene Railway failed to provide Christmas fairies as promised in the company's advertising. The ad stated that Santa and his fairies would be present on a train running from Wansford to Peterborough and that during the course of the five-and-one-half-mile ride, said fairies would assist Santa Claus in distributing presents to adolescent passengers. Although the complainant admitted to having

received complimentary mince pie and a glass of sherry during the trip, and that his child had accepted a gift from the railroad's Santa Claus, he contended that the physical appearance of individuals represented as fairies was insufficient to warrant their classification as such, thereby entitling him to a \$2.50 ticket refund. He asserted that all fairies must have a wing apparatus and a wand, while Nene officials argued such encumbrances would have diminished the efficiency with which their fairies handed out presents in the crowded cars. *Louisville Times* (contributed by Herm Albright)

• Maria Borowski, sixty-one, was found dead in her Chicago apartment after having eaten portions of her husband, Joe. Police were not certain as to whether he died of natural causes or was stabbed by Mrs. Borowski. However, she had placed his shins in a box and wrapped his intestines in butcher paper and put them in her freezer. "She was the sweetest woman," said one neighbor. "Maybe she couldn't get out during the snowstorm to get food." *UPI* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

• An unemployed Buffalo man was charged with seven counts of felony and sodomy after he allegedly lured young boys into joining his "sex club." Membership requirements reportedly were posing for photographs in the nude, performing sodomous acts with the accused and each other, and wearing black and white saddle shoes. *Buffalo Courier Express* (contributed by Eric Greenberg)

Lives of the Great
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
"HONEST ABE" (1809-1865)

He's a "giraffe," a "creature from Illinois," and an "original gorilla."
 — Edwin Stanton

"If anybody wants to kill me, he will do it!"
 — Lincoln, shortly before he was assassinated.

LINCOLN believed that "physical differences" would prevent blacks from ever becoming equal to whites... thousands of blacks in

IN 1863, he approved a plan to relocate the Chiriqui coal region of South America (The South Americans rejected it).

WHEN Lincoln's men couldn't find any Indians during the Blackhawk Indian War, they raided farms and distilleries. Superior officers later made Lincoln carry a wooden sword as punishment.

LINCOLN suffered frequent fits of depression and semiconsciousness. Once, while his infant son was being taken for a ride in a wagon, the child fell out. Lincoln continued to pull the empty cart around the neighborhood leaving the baby on the street.

Here are the endings to some things that you'd only read or sit through to find out the endings.

MOVIES

Manhattan: Diane Keaton leaves Woody Allen to reconcile her relationship with Michael Murphy. Allen then professes his love to Mariel Hemingway, who is about to depart to study abroad in London. They decide to resume their relationship when she returns in six months.

The China Syndrome: Jack Lemmon is shot and killed when he tries to tell the press that the nuclear power plant is unsafe. Meanwhile, during the crisis, the plant almost blows up. Jane Fonda proves herself as a hard news reporter.

Hurricane: The entire island of Alava is swept away, and Mia Farrow and Dayton Ka'Ne are the only survivors.

True Masthead

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Lives by Bradley Razook
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Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

Last Embrace: Roy Scheider discovers that Janet Margolin is responsible for the mysterious killings as well as the attempts on his life. The final pursuit results in her plunging into Niagara Falls.

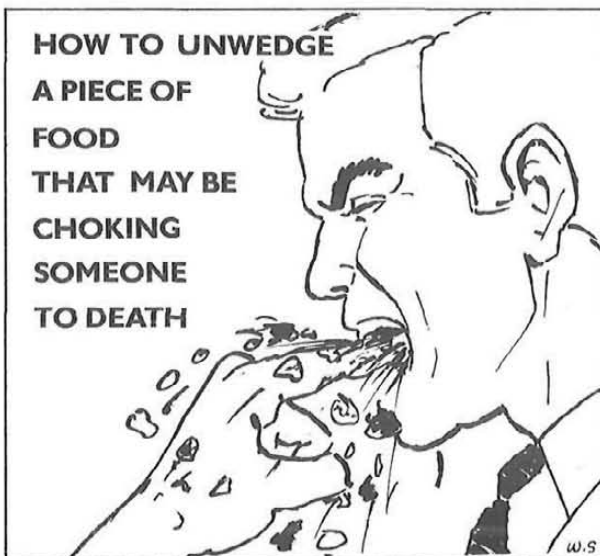
BOOKS

Dubin Lives by Bernard Malamud. As Dubin struggles with the completion of D.H. Lawrence's biography, his marriage with Kitty suffers, and his only fulfillment is in his relationship with Fanny. Kitty wins out in the end.

The Pigeon Project by Irving Wallace. Tim Jordan and Professor MacDonald escape from Russian Communists in Venice. The professor is killed during the getaway, and Jordan decides to destroy the only copy of MacDonald's youth formula.

PUBLIC SERVICE DEPT.

The New York City Council passed an ordinance requiring restaurants to display a sign that illustrates the technique for dislodging food from a choking person. Given the emergency nature of most choking incidents, it is important that the visual be graphic, accurate, and easily readable from any point in the establishment. As a public service, the True Section has commissioned an artist to create such an illustration, for use at no cost by restaurant managers and individual citizens wishing to have a choking-aid reference in their restaurants or in their homes.



The following excerpts have been culled from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of (serious) fiction who wishes, understandably, to remain anonymous.

Roger's breaths came heavier when his glance went to her full, long breasts, very rare to find anywhere.

"I'll take care of it, Sarah," said the heavy male voice that belonged to Bob.

"Your bedroom door's lockable," Elaine said, "and I promise to keep out of your hair."

He was a great actor—his name was always first on the Marquis' list.

I followed her body into the library, first with my eyes, then with my feet. It was well stacked with books.

Lee Roy was thirty-five years old when he stabbed Harvey because he was greedy. It was a sad time for the family when they took him to prison—they all liked him.

With non-chalance I eased myself toward the door, conscious of the girl whispering to her co-hort.

"How do you feel about that?" she asked in a psychiatric tone, appropriate Freudian accent and all.

Through the door came a guy with big shoulders and a waist you could have slipped a doughnut around. He had a voice like a truck backfiring.

The small alarm clock exploded in the quiet stillness of the morning dawn.

The church was as empty as the insides of a biopsy victim.

"Pardon?" she asked in a tone that made me want to wash my hands.

"Going to the washroom is one thing," I challenged her, "and sneezing with your eyes closed is another. And of course," I added sarcastically, "death is the baby that makes three."

He looked so dashing, that was a word she hadn't used in a long time, but he did.

"Yeah," the archeology professor said, "I recently asked Mr. Bowman, the principal here at Harvard, for a raise and he gave it to me. With the secure job on campus and the ruby I have everything to live for!"

Jill didn't think she was going to be able to get through this ordeal. Her mother was being tried for murdering her father—imagine!

In retrospect, she reviewed her statement.

Players, circumstances, and guitars are identified in the following order: nationality, branch of service, location, year, and type of guitar (NYL—Nylon string/STE—Steel string/AC—Acoustic/ELEC—Electric).



U.S./Marines/Viet/1965/AC



U.S./Infantry/Europe/1945/STE/AC



U.S./Infantry/France/1944/STE/AC



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U.S./Marines/Korea/1952/STE/AC



Israel/Infantry/Israel/1968/NYL/AC



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U.S./Marines/Viet/1966/ELEC



U.S./Infantry/Viet/1966/NYL/AC



U.S./Marines/Viet/1968/STE/AC



Israel/Infantry/Lebanon/1978/AC



U.S./Marines/Korea/1952/STE/AC



New Zealand/Chaplain/Viet/1966/NYL/AC



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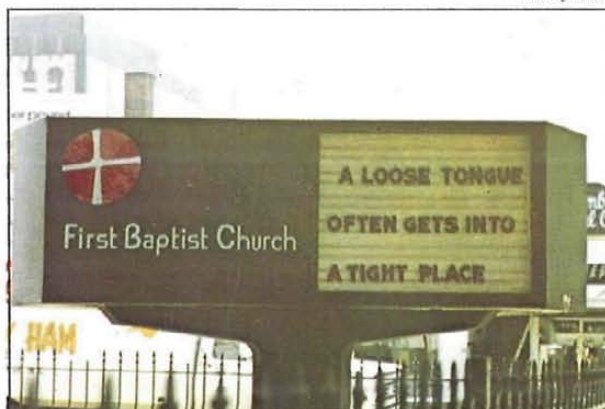
Bruce Markoe, Hollywood, Cal.



Anonymous



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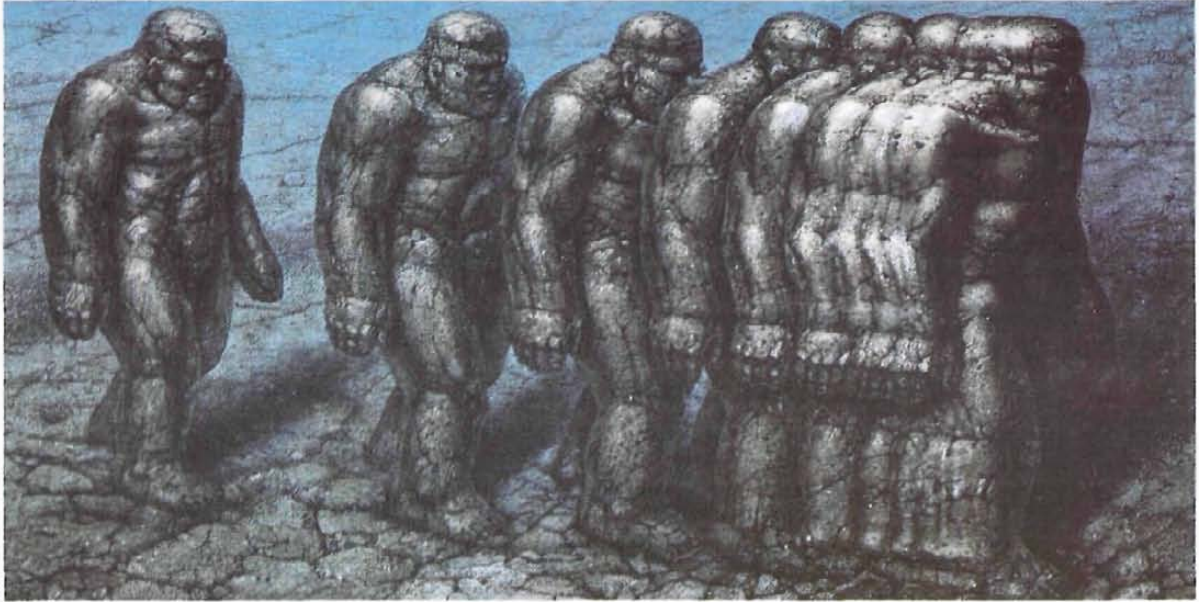


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LETTERS FROM EUROPE

continued from page 87

young..." With that, he leaned forward and buried his noble head in my breasts. He was madly in love.

Please don't tell Johnny! I think I am in love, too. What difference does age make as long as the lights are out? Ours may be one of the most celebrated loves of all the neighborhood.

Yesterday Don El Producto showed me his scars. He has over ninety-two knife wounds in his buttocks from jealous husbands. He certainly is a skilled and resourceful lover. Yesterday I was sleeping on my stomach and he "got in my back door" and "went down the basement stairs," if you catch my drift.

Your friend,
Cindy
ATHENS, GREECE
AUGUST 10

Dear Mom and Dad,

Spain was O.K., but double expensive. I was staying with this old Spanish nobleman on the Bain de Soleil and I thought it was free, but his daughter returned and told me that the hacienda was actually a hotel and that I had to pay double in-season rates plus check out immediately to make way for a convention of swineherds from Dusseldorf. So if you could, please wire me some money to the American Express in Athens.

I have carefully observed what is to be seen in Athens. I saw the Cradle of Democracy and its teething ring, plus the Paradox of Zeno. I have also seen the Parthenon, which is incredibly beautiful, especially at night when they have the pink and green lights on, but it's not as well kept as the one in Nashville. Anyway, I can sure see why the ancient Greeks were so proud of their city-states, especially at night.

I went to a "toga party" in the Parthenon a couple of nights ago. There were a lot of famous people there, but they were hard to recognize because they weren't famous yet but they will be soon. Anyway, a Greek threw us out for rolling one of the columns off the hill down on the city.

The Greeks are very poor, at least by Indiana standards, yet there is hardly any crime here.

Your loving daughter,
Cindy

ATHENS, GREECE
AUGUST 11

Betsy,

I met this nice boy from Utah at a wild

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